

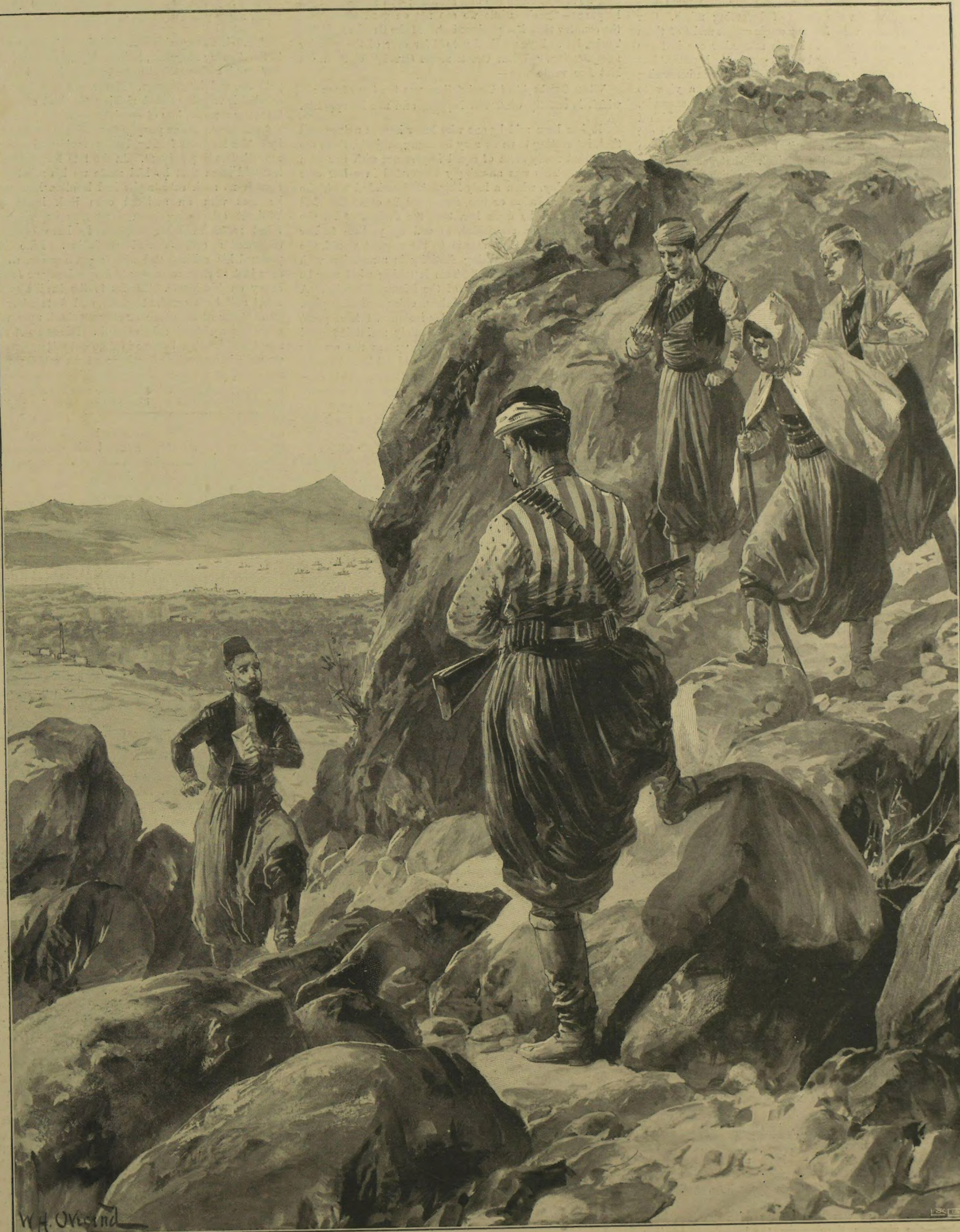
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THE EASTERN CRISIS: THE MESSENGER FROM THE ADMIRALS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FLEET ARRIVING AT THE INSURGENTS' OUTPOSTS AT MALAXA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

We are laughing at our cousins across the Atlantic because a Bill for suppressing caricatures has been reported favourably to their Senate. In the Country of the Free a good many things seem to be forbidden which are permitted in this despotic land; and it does seem odd that the citizen of the United States, who (on paper) is, above all things, a humorist, should be so unwilling to take a joke at his own expense. He surely does not insist upon being "cracked up" as if he were the whole nation! At the same time, caricaturing has its dangers, and may become an insult as easily as a satire may descend to a lampoon. In England, for the last half-century at all events, our caricatures have always kept within the limits of becoming mirth. Our politicians smile at the fun our comic artists make of them as much as other people. I only remember one instance of an M.P. who complained of being roughly handled. But it is quite possible to go to too great lengths in borrowing the features of one's fellow-creatures with a view to pictorial illustration. There was a portrait, for example, in *Vanity Fair* called "The Heir of the Ages," which I could never appreciate, but since many of my friends got it framed, and chuckled over it, I suppose there was some sort of likeness in it to the original. That was certainly, however, not meant to be ill-natured, which I am told is only too often the case with American caricatures; wit is seldom in combination with such lampoons, and when it is so, does not excuse them. Malice and brutality in the pencil or the paint-brush should surely be restrained and punished just as much as when exhibited by the pen.

The Government return of factory accidents contains some curious though painful information. In addition to the fatalities we hear of, there is a constant loss of arms or fingers, more often through the carelessness of the victims than through unfenced machinery or other preventable cause. At the same time there are some trades—those especially in which circular saws are used—where it is impossible to exclude the element of danger. In the districts where the industries mostly consist in making small tin boxes, whole families are to be found who have not their proper complement of fingers. "An accident," we are told, "has little effect upon this class of person." If Tommy, while working at a machine, loses a couple of digits, Bobby—his brother—hops into his place; and when he leaves for the same reason, Charlie awaits his turn for amputation. About a hundred persons lose their right or left arms yearly, and two thousand some of their fingers. Females are more careful than males in this matter, attaching probably considerable importance to the "engaged finger," which is with men a frequent victim.

Without wishing in the smallest degree to detract from the merits of the Röntgen rays, it must be confessed that they are not remarkable for delicacy; they are as pushing as they are penetrating, and not at all scrupulous in their investigations. This is all very well when they are engaged in the interests of science, and looking for bullets and other foreign bodies in the human interior; but is it fair to employ them when no idea of cure or remedy enters into the question? Is it good taste to set them to throw their searchlight upon a young lady of royal parentage upon whom has rested a false suspicion? It is well known that, plentiful as are mummies in Egypt, there are a good many sham ones, and a doubt arose in the authorities of a Vienna museum whether a daughter of the Pharaohs they had purchased might not have owed her existence to a manufactory at Birmingham. As it happens, she has stood the test triumphantly, without a stain upon her character: through her many folded wraps they have detected amulets such as the Egyptians used to place upon the bosom of the dead. But consider the liberty thus taken with a young lady only sixteen years of age or so! Even when one has deceased two thousand years ago one does not like the suggestion that we have been "faked" in Birmingham.

The case of De Goncourt's novel the sale of which utterly fell off at the beginning of the Franco-German War, has been recently quoted as a proof how inimical is warfare to the interests of fiction. It is, moreover, stated that the very rumour of war in the East has interfered with the prospects of our popular novelists, the circulation of whose works has been already decreased by it. This needs confirmation, but there is no doubt that the news of battles in which we ourselves are concerned makes the public indifferent to story-telling. Many persons read novels to supply what is wanting to their own dull and mechanical lives; they welcome adventure and romance as a relief to their commonplace existence, and in war time the newspaper furnishes them with enough of both, and the novel is neglected. When, on the other hand, the contest is over, the public miss its high-spiced and exciting details, and return with redoubled interest to their old favourites, the story-tellers. Moreover, the war itself often gives material to the novelist, as in the tales of Erckmann-Chatrian; so that, on the whole, fiction has less to complain of it than most callings. When one's own nation is at war, the reality of what is taking place—the victories, the dangers, the losses—throws into the shade all imaginary scenes; but otherwise, unless

the contending parties, as in the case of the Franco-German War, are very near home, it has no serious effect upon the popularity of fiction. If the Greeks and Turks come to blows, we shall read of it, of course, with interest, but without one tithe of the excitement with which we devoured the news from the Crimea, and still more from India during the Mutiny. As for the Cretan business, despite much platform oratory to the contrary, the fact is we are getting a little tired of it. It did not even teach us geography, which is notoriously taught to the great majority of us—witness the Soudan, Benin, etc.—by wars. Sympathy, however, has cropped up in a quite unexpected quarter. Jones *minor*, a young friend of mine at Eton, writes to his mother that he thinks it's "a beastly shame" that we should make use of a beautiful but rather difficult language—Greek—while we are not on good terms with the country that has produced it. If the Greeks fight the Turks, let us hope we shall get rid for ever of the popular misquotation, "When Greek meets Greek," etc. What Nat Lee wrote was—

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war; which is exactly what will happen, and not its opposite.

It has been said by one who knew human nature well that, interesting to us as may be many subjects, there are none that really seem of equal importance with our own concerns. This was amusingly illustrated in a law case the other day, when a lady litigant, dissatisfied with the decision of a Judge or two, demanded, in order that full justice should be done her, that the Judges of all the courts should be assembled, to call up probate to her mother's will. Not to accede to the request would, she affirmed, "mar the coming festivity in connection with her Majesty's long reign." This is taking what may be called rather a private view of the Diamond Jubilee. A good many of us might, doubtless, enter a similar plea. My grandmother, from whom, for instance, I have great and reasonable expectations, obstinately maintains good health, and certainly, to my eyes, "mars the coming festivity," etc., by so doing; but I should not have thought of mentioning it but for this lady's example. As to convening all the Judges with a view to their passing sentence of death upon her, I protest that the idea never so much as entered my mind. It is certain that women are more egotistic than we men.

The lady in question, it is needless to say, conducted her own case. Up to the present time the sex have not been very successful in this line. The first female advocate of her own cause in England was Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the greatest termagant in Europe. She had a suit—by no means a friendly one—with her grandson, whom, with her usual greed and insolence, she had deprived of certain heirlooms. Her language as counsel would have done credit to Mr. Chaffinbrass. Her manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. When asked why she had not given up to the young man the sword of his illustrious grandfather, she replied: "I retained it lest he should pick out the diamonds and pawn them." It does not appear that she had the opportunity of cross-examination, or she would probably have been great fun. It is recorded by Mr. Croake James that, in a French Court of Justice, a lady, deeming herself ill-represented by her counsel, took the matter out of his hands, and to some purpose—

My Lords, allow me to state the case at once in a single word. I engaged to pay to the plaintiff, a certain sum for a piece of Flanders tapestry, which was to have some figures worked as handsome in appearance as my Lord the President there. But the plaintiff is trying to palm off upon me now some wretched daub, full of figures as ugly as that of Monsieur the plaintiff's advocate. Does it stand to reason that I am bound to adhere to my bargain?

The Court, especially the President, flashed a look of indignation at the poor advocate, who was fairly crumpled up, and, after a few stammering efforts, succumbed to an instantaneous judgment against his client with costs.

An instance of the powers and sagacity of the homing pigeon has been lately communicated by the Premier of the colony to a New Zealand paper, which, if well authenticated, as seems certain, sets at rest all doubts about their instinct being dependent upon their visual organs. His family some time ago received from relatives in Victoria a pair of Antwerp homing pigeons, which became great pets.

One day the birds were out flying, but only one returned to the cot, and nothing more was heard of the other, despite every possible inquiry; but yesterday a letter was received from Victoria in which the wonderful announcement was made that the missing bird had arrived safely at its former home! There can be no mistake about the matter, as the bird was easily distinguishable. To reach Victoria from New Zealand the bird must have accomplished the feat of flying something like 900 or possibly 1250 miles without a rest, and, according to the dates, it must have done the journey in three days, which would mean that it would have to fly at a speed of from eighteen to twenty miles an hour continuously.

In "Foul Play" the problem of communicating from an island a thousand miles away with the mainland is solved by wild ducks, a bird very difficult to catch; but this seems a much more convenient plan, since parties about to be isolated can take their wild ducks with them.

It is only very young authors who write to complain of their reviewers; but setting ourselves right with the public

is, of course, another matter. An authoress known to have been brought up in the strictest sect of the Pharisees has caused indignation among them by describing her heroine as taking up her knitting work on the Sabbath. In an amusing note in a second edition she entreats her readers to remember the precise hour at which this supposed fall from grace occurred: "I rely upon the experience of young men and maidens to see me through. The knitting was taken up after Miss Althrop's lover had left her, and everyone knows that a real lover does not say farewell until close upon midnight. It follows, therefore, that Amelia did no knitting until Monday morning." But in well-regulated—that is Presbyterian—households is love-making itself allowed to be carried on upon the Sabbath? This seems to me much worse (because so much more pleasant) than knitting.

Mr. Hirst's experience of a blind man's life, contributed to the *Sunday Magazine*, is intensely interesting. No one can read it without the strongest admiration of his fortitude, patience, and intelligence. Never was a nobler example of what is vulgarly called making the best of a bad job. To many men the loss of eyesight would be far worse than a death-blow. Some persons would doubtless be supported by strong religious feeling, but the springs of action would nevertheless be paralysed. In the late Mr. Fawcett's case it would seem that he had made up his mind to act as though no such catastrophe had befallen him, and until he met with an accident even took horse exercise. Without attempting such dangerous experiments, Mr. Hirst seems in other respects to have equalled that statesman's courage and resolution. Like him, he pursued his calling and with great success, and never, save just at first, gave way to despondency or found time heavy on his hands. Thanks to the Braille system, he could still be a constant reader, and fortunately he had great stores of literature already acquired, upon which he could draw without exhausting it. His sense of touch, of smell, and hearing became in time singularly acute. "If walking in a street or country road, he could perceive by the sound of his feet when approaching a lamp-post or an opening in the wall." He could smell violets on a bank before other folks could see them, and in addition he acquired an instinct, most valuable to one deprived of sight, which told him whether he was alone in a room or in company. He conducted his correspondence by the typewriter, and, in a word, rarely appeared to his fellow-creatures to be blind.

The narrative is most touching and a moral lesson to us all; but still, without saying that the writer doth protest too much, one has a sense that his statement is optimistic. The impression of cheerfulness so often conveyed by men on whom this misfortune has fallen is somewhat misleading. We see blind men at their best—just as we see deaf men at their worst—joining in conversation, and in no respect inferior to other people. We do not remember that they are in darkness, and they themselves, when interested in talk, may forget it; but if the topic is uninteresting to them their attention flags, then ceases; there is no external object to afford relief even for an instant. I once sat next a very intelligent blind man at a large dinner party: he was full of conversation and even drollery, and obviously in high spirits; but the talk happened to drift away for a minute or two from any topic attractive to him. I did not notice this till a relative of his who sat on the other side of me whispered, "Pray wake Robert: he has fallen asleep." And it was so. His mind, not being appealed to, had fled at once to the land of forgetfulness. Mr. Hirst's narrative is not just now before me, and I forget whether he was a smoker. Fawcett was very partial to cigars, and a good judge of them, which to my mind disproves the scientific theory that you cannot appreciate tobacco in the dark; but when I have ventured to say so, I have always been met with the observation, "His case was entirely exceptional." Perhaps some of my readers may be acquainted with another exception or two.

Mr. Gladstone denies he has taken to biking; Nor are we surprised it was not to his liking. Though from office and power he be a receder, He will ne'er be a Wheeler who has been a Leader.

The statement that the Italian Government has settled a pension upon Garibaldi's widow—now living in poverty at Caprera—of 300 lire, which is, I believe, £12, is hardly credible. If correct, it is certainly one of those few cases where half a loaf would not be better than no bread. Five shillings a week for the widow of the saviour of one's country seems very inadequate, even if the national exchequer is at a low ebb. One wonders what the Americans will think of it. Conceive their giving a dollar and a quarter to Washington's widow if she were still on their pension list, which it is possible (considering the age their annuitants attain) she may be. Compare it with the annuities still voted to the descendants of Nell Gwynne and other ladies of the same class. Garibaldi's widow may not have been any better than she should be, but she was his wife, and it would have been far better to have taken no notice of her existence than to have acknowledged it in this fashion.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

"Pacific overtures" are said to have been made by the British Government to Greece with a view to enabling the Greeks "to find a way out of the present deadlock." If such overtures in any way represent the Powers, it is reasonable to hope for an amicable settlement. Unfortunately, so many opportunities for achieving this end have been deliberately thrown away, apparently to gratify the *amour propre* of the German Emperor, whom Mr. Stead, by a grotesque misnomer, styles the "Lord Chancellor of Europe," that it is difficult to feel sanguine. What is certain is that the Concert has warned both Greece and Turkey that in the event of hostilities on the Thessalian frontier, the aggressor, if successful, will not be allowed to enjoy the fruits of victory. It has been rather hastily assumed that this means a determination on the part of the Powers to paralyse Greece by blockading or destroying her fleet. Such an act would, of course, be a gross breach of international law. When war is once declared, the Powers who are not parties to the quarrel are bound to observe neutrality. They may step in at the end and rob the victor of his trophies, but they cannot, with any decent regard for the public law of the civilised world, take sides with one belligerent or the other simply to put a stop to the fighting. In the present instance, European action against Greece, when her troops had crossed the frontier, would mean an attack on her fleet, the one arm in which she is admittedly superior to her foe. The Greek war-ships can dominate the Ægean, if they are not coerced by Europe, and capture all the Turkish islands in a fortnight. The chances of war on the mainland are much more doubtful; but there is no reason to believe that the King of Greece will not be forced to take his fate in his hands unless a rational mediation should devise an honourable compromise. It has been suggested that the Greek and

Turkish troops should be withdrawn from Crete, and that King George should then receive a European mandate to send another force to occupy and administer the island, pending the decision of the Cretans as to the form of government they prefer. This is the solution which most reasonable diplomatists have approved from the outset. The Ambassadors at Constantinople are alleged to have drawn up a very liberal scheme of "autonomy," under which the Cretans would be permitted to elect their own Governor. This suggestion, however, has been discountenanced by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons. Nothing more definite has been elicited from our own Government than the statement that Crete is to be free, but that freedom must be preceded by the "restoration of order." Mr. Balfour has committed himself to the surprising assertion that to this "restoration of order" the retention of the Turkish troops is temporarily necessary for the protection of the Mussulman inhabitants and "the control of the irregulars." The "irregulars" are the Bashi-Bazouks, who are so far from being controlled that they made an organised attack on a body of insurgents who were actually proceeding with their families under a safe conduct of the Admirals. The Bashi-Bazouks, who were in great force, opened fire at short range, but were driven off with considerable loss. It is stated that the war-ships were about to fire on the irregulars when the action came to an end. It is possible that the *Camperdown* was training the guns which scattered the Cretan Christians on a too famous occasion; but the fact remains that not a shell was fired to overawe the Turks. How this marked distinction between the attitude of the

Admirals towards the insurgents and their attitude towards the ruffians in the service of the Sultan can be expected to pacify Crete is beyond the comprehension of the undiplomatic observer. The Bashi-Bazouks have been called upon to deliver up their arms, and an inquiry is being made into the origin of the outbreak; but as these men were evidently instigated by the Turkish Governor of Canea, and acted with the full sympathy of the Turkish military officials, it is a little too much to maintain that the Turkish troops are indispensable to "order." No doubt the European forces now in Crete are too scanty for this work. One reason is that Germany has refused to send a single Pomeranian grenadier.

The Kaiser demands the coercion of Crete and Greece, but he will not move a man to take part in this work, which is left to the other Powers, especially England. No satisfactory explanation of this abstention has been given. The Power which is most responsible for the worst muddle in the history of the century is able to evade all the practical liabilities. As for the blockade of the Piræus, it is to be "pacific," which appears to mean that merchant ships are to be kept out, but the Greek war-ships are not to be meddled with. It is gravely explained that this distinction arises because the Powers are not at war with Greece. It is also maintained that they are not at war with the Cretans, and Mr. Curzon

The Queen has received a number of distinguished visitors within the last ten days, among them the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, with the Prince of Montenegro and his daughter, Princess Anna, to whom Prince Francis Joseph is betrothed; the Grand Duke Peter of Russia, and Grand Duchess; the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, with her daughter and Prince Christian of Denmark; and the ex-Empress Eugénie, who came to lunch on Saturday last. To celebrate the betrothal of Princess Anna of Montenegro and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, her Majesty last week gave a dinner-party, at which several of the royal personages already mentioned were present. Lord Salisbury has had long interviews with the Queen, and Sir Edmund Monson, her Ambassador at Paris, has been one of her Majesty's guests. Lady Lytton takes the place of Lady Antrim in attendance upon the Queen.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

The fifty-fourth annual boat-race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which was rowed on Saturday last in the bitterly cold weather attendant on a nipping north-east wind, resulted in the eighth consecutive victory of the Dark Blues after a somewhat

tame battle, rendered noteworthy only by the fine spurt of the Light Blues at so late a point in the course as Barnes Bridge. For some time before the actual race the Oxonians had been the favourites in critical and popular esteem by reason of their exceptional strength, long sweeping stroke, and excellent finish; and against these characteristics, the neat form and fast stroke of the Cambridge crew proved inadequate for the making of an exciting race, even their plucky gain above Barnes Bridge being made on what was practically the sufferance of their rivals. The race was timed for a quarter past two, an hour which brought even more than the usual crowd of London sight-seers to line the course on either bank, despite the



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE: THE DARK BLUES LEADING AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

Photo Stearn, Cambridge.

tells us that to say they are helping the Turks is a tale told by a knave to an idiot. The Cretan insurgents are certainly not idiots, yet every act of the Powers has exasperated them while encouraging the Sultan's soldiery, regular and irregular. If it were not for the "mixed marines" and the war-ships, the Turks would be driven into the sea; and the Sultan has expressed a distinctly knavish appreciation of the service which the Powers have rendered him.

THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ.

The Queen's health continues to derive great benefit from the air of the Riviera, and since the weather resumed much of the brilliance with which it first welcomed the royal visitor, in spite of some cold showers, her Majesty has taken a number of drives to St. André, Beaulieu, Barthelémy, the Villa Beaumont, with its adjoining chapel to the memory of the brother of Alexander III., and other places of interest in the neighbourhood of Nice, besides driving most regularly of a morning in her donkey-chaise about the private roads laid down in former years for her benefit through the beautifully wooded grounds of the Villa Liserb and its neighbouring villa residences. The Queen has been an interested spectator of the old-world Fair of Cimiez, with its curious religious ceremonial of very ancient date. Miss Berry, the friend of Horace Walpole, describes in her journal how she went with the *beau monde* of Nice to a Lenten Fair at Cimiez in 1802, and the quaint customs still in vogue to-day which interested that observant traveller were even then of very ancient usage.

wintery weather; and but a very few minutes after the advertised time Mr. Willan's pistol gave the signal. Cambridge had won the toss and chosen the Middlesex station, and the bend in the shore enabled them to maintain for a space the lead which they took from a splendid start. By the time the Thames Rowing Club boat-house was reached, however, the Dark Blues had reduced this lead to some five feet, and continued to gain on the Light Blues, until, at Half-Mile Tree, the two boats were level. Thereafter the long swing of the Oxford men enabled them to draw steadily ahead, though Cambridge lessened the lead to half a length by Walden's Wharf. But the gain of the Light Blues was only momentary, and in shooting Hammersmith Bridge Oxford pulled a length ahead, and between that point and Chiswick Church more than two lengths were added to this advantage. The result was now a foregone conclusion, and the Oxford stroke slackened to thirty-two. But though the Dark Blues could now afford to take things comparatively easily, Cambridge were not going to give in without a struggle, and they responded most pluckily to Fernie's stroke as he raised it, before and after Barnes Bridge, to thirty-six, thirty-seven, and thirty-eight. This gallant spurt reduced Oxford's lead by a good length, but the Dark Blues were still two lengths and a third ahead as they passed the post. The time, 19 min. 11 4-5 sec., makes this year's race the second quickest on record, the fastest still remaining that of 1893, when the time was 18 min. 47 sec. Out of the fifty-four races that have now been rowed, Oxford has won thirty-one to the twenty-two of Cambridge, one race, that of 1877, having resulted in a dead-heat.

RODNEY PRINCESS STEPHANIE SCOTT
(British). (Austrian). (British).CHANZY SISOI VELIKI
(French). (Russian).VERVILUS
(Italian).THE EASTERN CRISIS.—THE LANDING-PLACE AT SELINOS, CRETE: THE COMBINED FLEET
OF THE POWERS AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY.

A RUSSIAN IMMIGRANT.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

"Russian aggression" is a familiar cry, but the fiercest politician would hardly expect to find a Russian outpost here among the hills and dales of Surrey. Yet so it is. I expected him long ago, and to-day I have found him. He is not exactly fierce, though he is thickly bearded; and his movements, such as they are, seem distinctly sluggish. But then you don't expect agility from a fresh-water mussel. Taking him for what he is, you must allow that he is good-looking—a banded brown-and-white shell, very prettily dappled, resembling in shape, though on a smaller scale, the common sea-mussel. Do not confound him with the coarse and ugly big English river and pond mussels—the unios and the anodons—which are genuine British natives, denizens of our streams since Caesar's day; for he came to Britain on the report that pearls were produced by them, says the old Latin gossip. Those are ugly big things of a muddy and slimy habit; whereas our Russian friend—*Dreissena*, the conchologists call him—is dainty and graceful, and loves, as a rule, clear running water. But he has ranked for many years as a naturalised alien. His history is curious. He belongs by origin to the rivers of the Caspian and the Aral Sea. From those land-locked basins, last relics of a dead or dying Mediterranean, he could not easily penetrate into distant regions; barriers of land blocked his way westward. But when timber from the Volga region began to be imported into Britain his eggs or spawn clung often enough to the water-borne logs from inland Russia. Thence they got into the Surrey Docks, where Sowerby first observed this curious little stranger some seventy years ago. Once settled in England it spread with enormous rapidity, and

THE EASTERN CRISIS: THE C COMPANY OF H.M.S. "RODNEY" LEFT TO GUARD SPANIAKOS UNDER THE
ORDERS OF COMMANDER W. HEWETT, WHO IS SEEN AT THE RIGHT OF THE FLAG.THE EASTERN CRISIS: A SMALL BRIGADE OF THE COMBINED FORCES, INCLUDING SEVERAL OF THE MEN
WHO WERE KILLED BY THE EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE RUSSIAN IRONCLAD "SISOI VELIKI."

The three Photographs reproduced on this page were supplied to us by Mr. W. Frost, H.M.S. "Rodney."

already, when I was a boy, had established itself in all the rivers and canals of the Midlands. It is now quite a common English mollusc, and I do not doubt would be immensely surprised if you questioned its claim to consider itself British.

The aquatic animals and plants of the Caspian basin are extremely accommodating; they belong to a region of sluggish rivers, and they therefore spread with ease into canals and artificial waters. The fresh-water mussel is in this respect as adaptive as its neighbours. It has taken kindly to our canals, and has even been discovered in London water-pipes. On the Continent it shows an equal readiness to accommodate itself to circumstances; it has spread from Antwerp into the network of waterways about Ghent and Bruges; and has entered France via Havre and Rouen. As a rule, it is first observed in docks, and then makes its way up canals and rivers into quite minor streams, like the one in which I have found it for the first time this morning. In shape it is almost as varied as in habitat; *polymorpha* is its specific name in science, and polymorphous it is, according to the nature of the place where it happens to find itself. Sometimes it is round and stumpy, sometimes long and thin; at times it assumes an almost uniform brown, at others it is streaked and dappled in the prettiest fashion. That is the way with most successful cosmopolitan races, including man; they have the common note of plasticity: 'tis that that enables them to settle almost anywhere. The river-mussel, for example, prefers slow-running streams; but if it finds itself landed in a rapid hill torrent it governs itself accordingly; it moors its shell firmly by its byssus or so-called beard to a good big stone, and makes its valves thick and solid so as to resist the current. Only such plastic races can ever form successful colonies. Hide-bound species never succeed far from their native surroundings. The byssus or beard by which the river-mussel moors its

shell, is in itself a property of considerable interest. It is characteristic of the true mussels. Our true English pond-mussels (which are not mussels at all in the scientific sense) lie loose at the bottom of still waters, and pull themselves about awkwardly from place to place by means of a rudimentary organ of locomotion quaintly called a foot. So do such sand-hid marine forms as cockles and clams. But the true mussels are no gadabouts; they never move at all in the adult condition. After a giddy and locomotive youth, in whose course they "see life," they settle down at last on a bank or rock, spin their beard or byssus, and fasten themselves for the rest of their existence to the spot they have chosen. As a rule the ability to spin such a cord of attachment in itself implies that the animal lives in circumstances where he may have to withstand tide, waves, or violent currents. For the same reason most of the mussels have very tight-fitting shells, and can stand removal from the water for several hours, because they close their valves hermetically, as the tidal types must necessarily do, twice in every twenty-four hours. How tight they can cling to their support by means of the beard or byssus one fact alone will suffice to show. The bridge at Bideford, over the junction of the Torridge and the Taw, is exposed to so fierce a current that mortar cannot be used to cement it. But the Corporation employ boats to bring loads of mussels for the repair of the bridge. These are placed in the interstices, and they spin their connecting cords with the stonework and with one another so deftly and firmly that the bridge is preserved from being carried away by the water. I have seen masses of pebble similarly held together by the little Russian river-mussels with so tight a grasp that a strong man pulling them apart with all his might could not divide them. The mussels are a feeble folk, but they make their home in the rocks.



THE WAR MINISTER OF GREECE STUDYING A MAP ON WHICH THE POSITIONS OF GREEKS AND TURKS ARE INDICATED BY FLAGS.

Sketched from Life by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE EASTERN CRISIS.—SCENES ON THE GREEK FRONTIER: THE VILLAGE OF KASTRAKI, THESSALY.

PERSONAL.

It is understood that in her recent interview with Mr. Gladstone at Cannes, the Queen proposed to confer upon him some signal mark of honour. Mr. Gladstone has repeatedly refused a peerage, and he is said to have refused it again; but the distinction which he does not crave will probably be granted to his grandson, who is the heir of the Hawarden estates. Nobody can wish to see Mr. Gladstone in the House of Lords, except for the pleasure of the encounters which would, in that event, be inevitable between him and the Duke of Argyll.

Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, who is now paying a visit to her son-in-law and daughter, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, at Bagshot Park, is a comparative stranger to English life, not having visited this country since the marriage of the Duke and Duchess eighteen years ago. She is nevertheless something of a traveller, and spends a considerable portion of each year in Italy.

The Pope has not yet decided as to whom he will send to represent the Vatican at the forthcoming Diamond Jubilee celebrations, but it is understood that his choice will be announced after he has discussed the matter with Cardinal Vaughan. The Cardinal is to journey to Rome after the customary Low Week assemblage of Roman Catholic prelates at Westminster.

President Faure is busy learning Russian. This must be a laborious business, for the French are not good linguists, and Russian is about the toughest tongue in Europe. It is not quite clear why M. Faure should put himself to all this trouble, as every Russian official speaks French, and for a Frenchman to speak Russian is to be more Muscovite than the Muscovites. Perhaps the President is meditating a visit to Moscow, where a speech in Russian might astonish the natives; but the precise gain to France from these Russian lessons at the Elysée does not seem to impress the Parisians very forcibly.

There is a pathetic touch in the death of the Rev. Dr. Sparrow Simpson, the Librarian and sub-Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, at a time when the structure which he revered, every stone of it, was within sight of the great day in June.

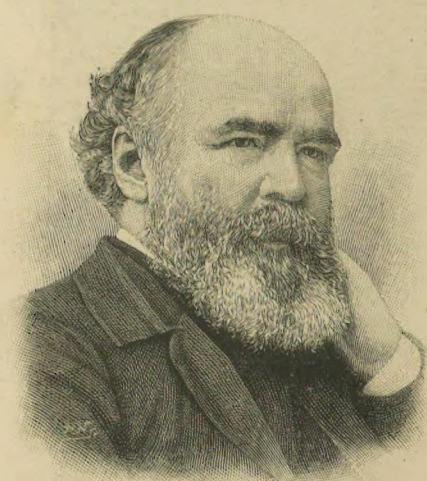


Photo Walker, Regent Street.

THE LATE REV. DR. SPARROW SIMPSON.

Ten years later he was appointed minor Canon and Librarian of St. Paul's, and spent his life in the service of Wren's masterpiece. There was not an aspect of the place which Dr. Simpson did not extend his care to, and his books about the Cathedral have once and for all rendered its history beyond the need of rewriting. He was one of the great ecclesiastical figures in the City, where his death is deeply regretted.

Dr. von Stephan, the German Postmaster-General, who has just had a leg amputated by Professor Bergmann, is the one popular Minister in Germany. He manages the Post Office without meddling with politics, and the German Post Office is perhaps the most remarkable administrative machine in Europe. Germans smile when you tell them of the wondrous achievements which St. Martin's-le-Grand modestly chronicles in its own Blue-book. Then they tell you of some of Dr. von Stephan's performances, and certainly these ought to be recited by our Postmaster-General every morning before he begins his day's work.

Mr. F. C. Selous, the enthusiastic traveller and huntsman, is now bending his steps homewards from Asia Minor, together with his wife, who is herself keenly interested in sport in general and big game in particular. Mr. and Mrs. Selous will not, however, make any lengthy sojourn in their native country, for they have already planned a journey through the Rockies. After this trip it is probable that the Africa with which his name is so closely associated will count Mr. Selous once more among its pioneers.

It seems that M. Sardou was once a spiritualist medium of remarkable power. He was inspired by the spirit of Bernard Palissy to write a description of the planet Jupiter, which is the home of some distinguished spirits, including Mozart. M. Sardou's account of Jupiter did not appeal either to astronomers or to popular fancy, and soon afterwards he announced that his spiritualistic faculty had completely deserted him. Evidently there is no room for this peculiar gift when the dramatic faculty comes upon the scene.

The suggestion that women should be admitted to the B.A. degree at Cambridge has provoked some lively remonstrances. Mr. Charles Whibley draws a lurid picture of Cambridge University entirely in the hands of women, and the masculine members in full flight to Oxford. This illustration of the "thin end of the wedge" theory is a little extravagant. The compromise at Cambridge is that women shall not, in any circumstances, become "members of the University," though they may take the B.A. degree. This is denounced by the ladies as illogical, but the strict application of logic to the claims of women is too Utopian for this planet.

The death of Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, removes one of the brightest ornaments of the Church of Ireland—a man of sterling worth, who was honoured and esteemed by all who knew him, even though it was not always possible to agree with the policy to which he was committed.

Born in 1828, he came of an aristocratic and distinguished family, many members of which had done considerable service in Church and State. His uncle, the second Baron Plunket, was Bishop of Tuam, and in the earlier days of his ministry the deceased prelate was the Bishop's Chaplain and right hand. He afterwards joined the staff of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, but it was not until 1876 that he came prominently before the English public.

In that year (having in 1871 succeeded to the peerage) Lord Plunket was elected Bishop of Meath, and he devoted himself with conspicuous zeal to the reorganisation of the Church, which was rendered necessary after disestablishment. He won universal praise, and when in 1884 the Archbishopric of Dublin became vacant by the resignation of Dr. Trench, Lord Plunket was chosen as his successor. The story of his Archbishopric does not call for special remark, except in one particular. Lord Plunket was best known, outside Ireland, as the champion of the Church Reform Movement in Spain and Portugal. He visited those countries, confirming and ordaining, and generally discharging episcopal functions for the Reformers, who had not then a Bishop of their own. He also ordained a Deacon for the Spanish Reformed Church in his own private chapel at Dublin, much to the chagrin of the High Church party in England, who lodged a determined protest with the Archbishop of Canterbury. But the storm then raised was small compared with the outburst of indignation which arose in the autumn of 1894, when it became known that the Archbishop had actually consecrated a Bishop in Spain itself. The controversy was to be renewed at the forthcoming Lambeth Conference, but the death of Lord Plunket will now place considerable difficulty in the way of adequate discussion. The Archbishop was in his sixty-ninth year.

The vehement opposition to the new wire muzzle shows no sign of abatement. It is alleged that the wire will cause abscesses, and that a dog with a wire muzzle in jumping a fence has been known to strangle itself. The outcry comes chiefly from dog-owners who object to muzzles of any kind. Their proposal is that every dog shall be numbered and registered. How this is to prevent dogs from biting the public and one another does not appear.

Lord Loch carries his seventy years very lightly, to judge from the nerve and agility with which he leaped from a hansom the other day just before it was dashed to pieces against a Whitehall street refuge by its runaway horse. Having alighted safely on his feet in time to see the wreck of the vehicle in which he had been driving when the horse bolted, Lord Loch passed on into the South Africa Committee-room in the most unconcerned manner, though so narrow an escape from injury might well have agitated one more used to hairbreadth escapes.

The death of Herr Brahms deprives the world of music of its most conspicuous figure in Europe, for although



Photo Brasch, Berlin.

THE LATE JOHANNES BRAHMS.

that, a young man of twenty, he came to Schumann at Düsseldorf. The great composer instantly recognised in these works the promise of genius, and by the powerful aid of his pen he celebrated Brahms's praises with loud insistence. After a further spell of study lasting eight years Brahms retired to Vienna, where he has steadily built up the structure of his art-work, which has consisted of an enormous quantity of orchestral and pianoforte compositions, symphonies, songs, and choral works. Of these last his most popular effort is certainly the German Requiem, into which he has succeeded in infusing a profoundly

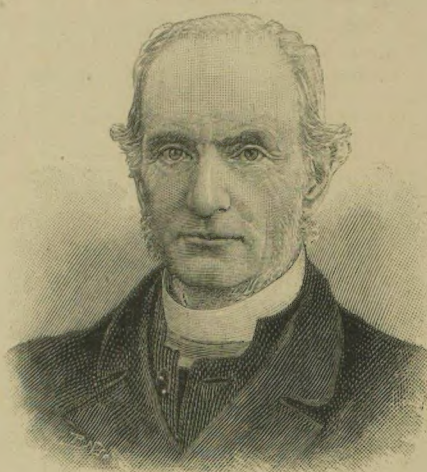


Photo Chancellor, Dublin.

THE LATE LORD PLUNKET, Archbishop of Dublin.

sincere Protestant sentiment. His songs, owing to Mr. David Bispham's energy, are also very popular in this country, and, so recently as a fortnight ago, his fourth Symphony was listened to with every sign of appreciation by an English audience at the Queen's Hall. He was buried on Tuesday, with all marks of public sympathy and admiration.

It seems impossible for a French literary man, even when he has spent some time in England, to write well-known English names correctly. M. Marcel Prévost has discovered three mysterious persons, to wit, "Arthur Lang, Sainsbury, and Edmond Gosse." Mr. Lang says he does not know them, and yet M. Prévost gravely assures us that they are the only men in this country who appreciate French literature.

The prosecution of "Ian Maclaren" for heresy is not expected to come to much; in fact, it is quite possible that there will be no formal proceedings in the Synod of the Presbyterian Church at all, the matter being quashed from the beginning. "Ian Maclaren" is, in the meantime, preparing a "Life of Christ." The two other novelists who contemplated this enterprise, Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Crockett, have put it aside, at least for the present.

The appointment of Archdeacon Howell to the Deanery of St. David's has given great and general satisfaction. He is one of the most eloquent of vernacular preachers, and he has done yeoman service in almost every department of Church work. At Cardiff and at Wrexham he did much to make the national Church the Church of the people, and he has frequently been spoken of for high preferment, but he has not seen his way to join in the semi-political work which has been rendered necessary by the continued attacks of the Liberationists; and this, it is believed, militated somewhat against his earlier promotion. But the well-deserved recognition of his manifold labours has come at last, and friends and foes alike will join in the wish that he may enjoy for many years the dignified repose which the Deanery of St. David's is understood to afford.

The fast-dwindling band of surviving veterans of Indian Mutiny fame has lost a distinguished member by the death of

Captain Henry Scott Simeon, who passed away on April 2 after many years of ill-health and suffering, induced by the hardships of the field. The late officer, who was a Captain of the 27th Inniskillings, was one of the gallant soldiers who volunteered after the outbreak of the Mutiny, and subsequently took part in the siege and capture of Delhi and other momentous actions of the campaign. Captain Simeon was a man of letters, and an accomplished linguist. In the latter capacity he rendered important service to his regiment as interpreter of the Hindustani and Persian tongues. He came of a well-known family, being a son of the late Rear-Admiral Charles Simeon, and a grandson of the late Sir Charles Simeon, while one of his great-uncles was the famous cleric, Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, who endowed the churches now in the gift of the Simeon Trustees.

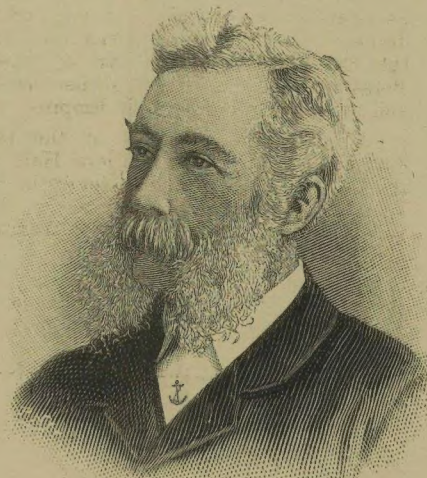


Photo Billingham and Smith, Jersey.

THE LATE CAPTAIN H. S. SIMEON.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR EASTER.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—The availability of the Special Cheap Week-end Tickets issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 16, 17, and 18, to the Seaside will be extended for return up to and including Wednesday, April 21.—Special Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe.—To Caen for Normandy and Brittany, Special Cheap Tickets will be issued on April 14, 15, and 17, available for return on the following Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Friday.—On April 15, a fourteen-day Excursion to Paris will be run from London by the Special Day Express Service, and also by the Fixed Night Express Service, on April 14 to 19 inclusive.—On Good Friday and Easter Sunday and Monday Day Trips at greatly reduced Excursion Fares will be run from London to Brighton, Isle of Wight, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and elsewhere.—On April 16, 17, and 18, Special Cheap Week-end Return Tickets to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Southsea, the Isle of Wight, Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, &c., will be issued from London and Suburban Stations, available to return on any day up to and including Wednesday, April 21.—Special Saturday to Tuesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.—On Easter Tuesday Cheap Day Trips will be run from London to Brighton, Hove, and Worthing.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.—Cheap Day Excursions on Good Friday and Easter Monday to Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone, Dover, and many other places. The Cheap Friday or Saturday to Monday Tickets will be in many cases available to return on Wednesday, April 21. Cheap Continental Excursions are also announced, particulars of which are given in special bills issued by the Company.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter Holidays the Great Eastern Railway Company's Hook of Holland Route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through carriages run to Cologne, Biele, and Berlin, reaching Cologne about noon, Biele and Berlin in the evening. Cheap tours have been arranged via the Harwich-Antwerp Route for passengers wishing to visit Belgium. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers *Thetis* and *Seydlitz* will leave Harwich on April 15 and 17 for Hamburg, returning April 18 and 21.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—Cheap Excursion Trains from London on Tuesday, April 13, to Londonderry, via Morecambe, returning within sixteen days. On Wednesday, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, etc., via Morecambe, returning within sixteen days, and on Thursday to the same places, via Liverpool, returning any week-day within sixteen days. On Thursday to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, etc., via Barrow and via Liverpool, returning any week-day within sixteen days. On Thursday, cheap excursion trains will be run from London to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Burton, Derby, Manchester, and many other places, returning the following Monday or Tuesday. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on April 15, 16, and 17, from London (St. Pancras) to the principal holiday and pleasure resorts on this line, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 20, except day of issue.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

It has been ordered by a Royal Proclamation that June 22, upon the occasion of the festive celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign, shall be kept as a Bank Holiday all over the United Kingdom.

The Revenue Returns for the year of Government financial account, ending March 31, show a total of receipts £112,198,547, a net increase of £2,858,601 over the preceding year, and £3,470,000 over the estimate of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Customs have increased £503,000; Excise £856,000, Property and Income Tax, £550,000, Post Office £480,000, Telegraphs £70,000, and miscellaneous receipts £547,000, but with some decline of the Estate and Succession duties and the Land Tax. Of the whole revenue £8,248,662 goes to Local Taxation account, while £102,300,000 is reckoned to have been the amount of Imperial expenditure; but there will be certain additions to this, demanding at least the surplus of about one million in the forthcoming Budget.

The South Africa Inquiry Committee of the House of Commons, on Friday, continued the examination of Colonel Frank Rhodes, and next called as a witness Major Sir John Willoughby, who has been released from prison two months before the completion of his sentence. He was further examined on Tuesday. Mr. Cecil Rhodes has departed for the Cape.

The Duke of Connaught on Friday presided at the festival dinner at the Hôtel Métropole of supporters of the National Hospital for Paralyzed and Epileptic patients, in memory of his brother the late Duke of Albany, the former president. This hospital is situated in Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

The Duke of Cambridge on Saturday presided at the annual meeting of the Royal School for Daughters of Officers in the Army.

A memorial of Jenner's discovery of vaccination as a preventive of small-pox has been set on foot at a meeting held last week, the Duke of Westminster presiding, at which Lord Herschell and Lord Lister were the leading speakers. It is proposed to maintain an institution of preventive medicine.

The Royal Colonial Institute had Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, to preside at its annual dinner. The Marquis of Lorne, the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Jersey, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Charles Beresford, and Sir Alfred Milner spoke of the condition and prospects of the British Empire.

At the annual dinner of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, the Duke of Teck, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, and several members of the Admiralty and the War Office, were distinguished guests.

Lord Kimberley, as leader of the Opposition party in the House of Lords, was entertained last week by the National Liberal Club, with the Marquis of Ripon in the chair.

A meeting of barristers and law students, presided over by the Lord Chancellor, was held last week at the Inner Temple Hall, to establish an Inns of Court Mission for the

The Association football match between England and Scotland was played at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and was won by Scotland by two goals to one.

The London County Council, on Tuesday, adopted the terms of agreement with the North Metropolitan and London Street Tramways Companies for the purchase of

ordered the prosecution of Messrs. Naquet, Marct, and Boyer, for receiving bribes in the affair of the Panama Canal.

The French Academy of Sciences has received from an Englishman, Mr. H. Wilde, of Manchester, the handsome gift of £5500, to be invested and to provide a yearly prize



THE EASTERN CRISIS.—SCENES ON THE GREEK FRONTIER: ALL SAINTS' MONASTERY.

their lines and dépôts, to be leased to the companies for working. The proposal to stipulate for an eight-hours labour day for those employed was negated by 55 votes to 49, being opposed by the Moderate party.

The dispute between the directors of the North-Eastern Railway and the various classes of men in their employ is in a way of being referred to arbitration, excluding the demand of locomotive engine-drivers and firemen for an eight-hours day of labour.

There is some prospect now of an abatement of the distress from the scarcity of food in India; rain has fallen

for the best treatise on astronomy, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, or mechanical science.

The Ministry of Count Badeni, in Austria, last week sent its resignation to the Emperor, in consequence of the unfavourable Parliamentary elections, but has been requested to continue in office.

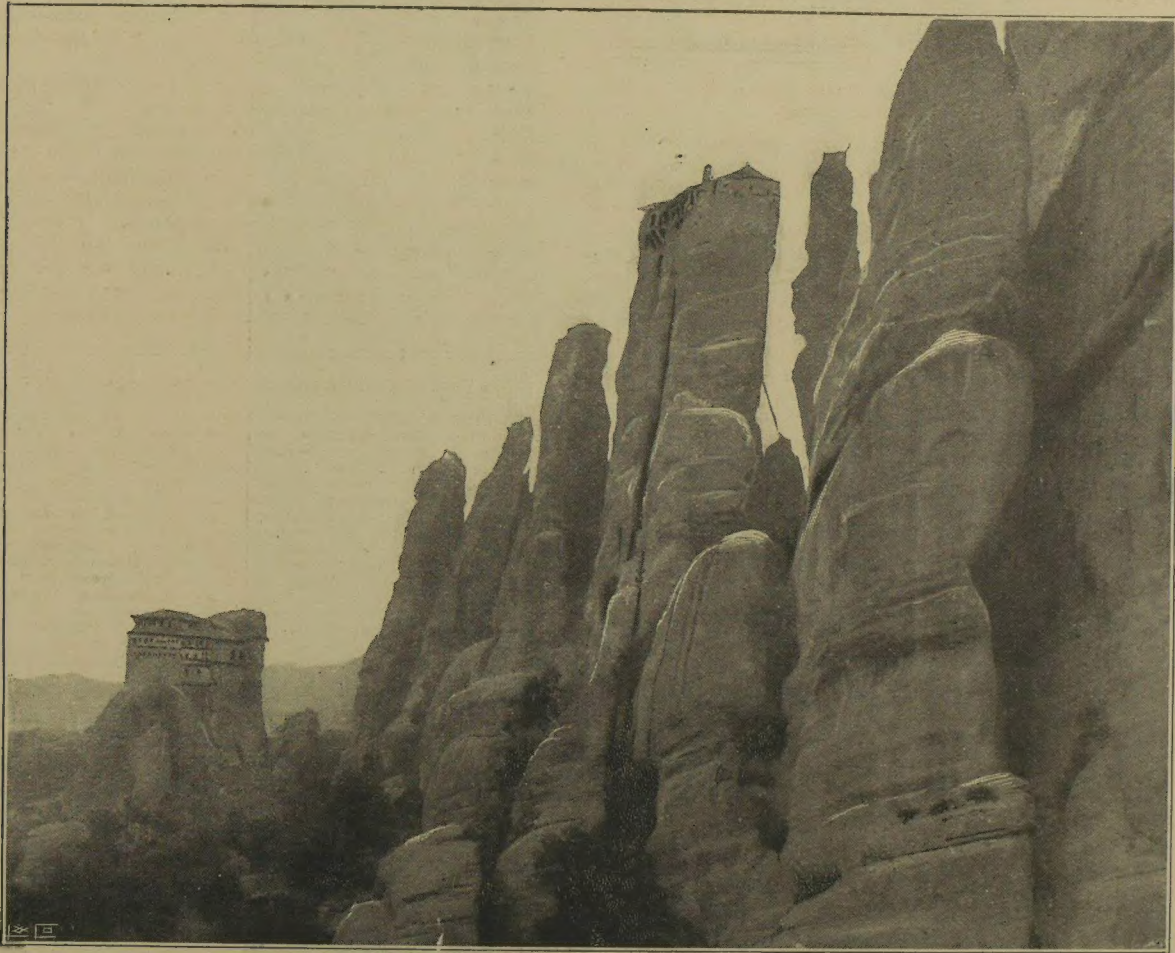
The German Reichstag, on April 2, passed a resolution for the repeal of the law which empowers the Imperial Government to expel Jesuits, or to assign them a particular place of residence in Germany.

The session of the Italian Parliament was opened by King Humbert, at Rome, on Monday last, with a speech referring to the situation of the Italian colony of Erythrea, on the Red Sea Coast, the co-operation of Italy with the other Powers of Europe to prevent massacres and conflicts in the Levant, and the practicability of repairing the financial credit of Italy by an economical administration.

The Congress of the Republic of Venezuela has ratified the boundary settlement treaty with the British Government, and it has been signed by the President, which finally disposes of the whole affair in dispute.

SCENES ON THE GREEK FRONTIER.

Between the curve of the Macedonian frontier of the mountains of Khassia and the open town of Kalabáka, which terminates the long western plain of Thessaly, lie the monasteries of Metéora. A casual glance gives the idea of the whole space being occupied by lines of bare hills, but on a nearer inspection a curious amphitheatre is found, carved out among the mountains, and this is occupied by a most extraordinary collection of rocks, on which are perched—like storks' nests or the turban on a Turkish tombstone—the aerial monasteries of Metéora. In one place a huge monolith is found literally crowned with buildings, as in the case of the Monastery of All Saints, popularly known as Hagios Barlaam; in another, a group of jagged rocks will have one point capped by a monastery, as is seen in St. Nicholas. The most striking feature about these monasteries is the method by which they are reached, either by loose ladders hanging outside the perpendicular rocks, or by being wound up by means of a windlass in a net at the end of a rope. From its beautiful position, its size, and the fair preservation of its buildings, the Monastery of Hagios Barlaam is a very good specimen of these fifteenth-century monasteries, but what makes this one of especial interest is that the rope is said to be the longest used for the purpose (340 feet). The ladders to this monastery are not so difficult to climb as some, but, insomuch as they pull out every time you grip them and oscillate frightfully, it is pleasanter to risk the net. The Monastery of Hagios Nikolaos appeared to be in a totally dilapidated condition and entirely deserted when we visited Metéora, whilst the ladders, which are seen in the picture rising from a neighbouring peak and hanging from the bare rock, were impracticable. All these monasteries are under the Archimandrite, a man of commanding presence and saintly countenance. The village of Kastraki is jammed in between the outer rocks of this curious amphitheatre, and in the slit of this rocky wall at the back of the village stands a most peculiar, hourglass-looking monolith. The rocks on either side are perforated with strange holes, which in the fourteenth century were inhabited by the monks of St. Anthony.



THE EASTERN CRISIS.—SCENES ON THE GREEK FRONTIER: THE MONASTERY OF ST. NICHOLAS, THESSALY.

moral and social improvement of the poor, especially in the neighbourhood of Holborn and Lincoln's Inn Fields, similar to the Universities' Missions in East London. The Attorney-General, Lord Cross, Mr. Justice Kennedy, and Mr. Cozens Hardy, Q.C., advocated this project.

The London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, on Saturday evening, had a lecture delivered at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding, by the Right Rev. Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, upon the topographical and ethnological study of a country, which he showed to be full of interest.

generally over Bengal, the North-West and Central Provinces, and the Punjab, much benefiting the crops for the next harvest; and the lists of people on Government relief have declined to 2,800,000. The subscriptions to the Mansion House Fund have reached nearly half a million sterling.

The French Government has laid before the Chamber of Deputies a scheme of naval construction, to be completed in five years, at a cost of eighty million francs, including one new battle-ship, four cruisers, thirteen torpedo-boats, and some other vessels. The Chamber has



ROSALIND.—BY SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I.
In the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

CHAPTER II.

In October 1802 I reached the height of my ambition, being appointed to the command of the Company's ship *Macartney*, engaged in the China traffic. I call her the *Macartney*, but the reader will presently see that I have reasons for not wishing to make public the actual name of this vessel, which, however, will be sufficiently familiar to all who knew me at that time and who have therefore what I may call a private interest in this narrative. For the same reasons I shall say no more of her than that she was a new ship, Thames built, and more than commonly fast; and that I commanded her from October 1802 to June 1806.

She carried passengers, of course; and in the autumn of 1805 it surprised and delighted me to hear from Obed that he and Margit had determined on what he called "a Grand Tour of middle age," and wished to book their passages to the Canton River and back in the *Macartney*. I had often given this invitation in jest; but such voyages merely for health and pleasure were then far from common. Yet there was no single impediment to their going. They had no children; they were well-to-do; they had now a hind or steward (one Stephens) to whose care they might comfortably leave the farm. To be short, they sailed with me.

On the second of May 1806, the *Macartney* dropped anchor in the Canton River after a fast and prosperous voyage. The events I have now to relate will appear least extraordinary to the reader who best understands under what conditions the English carry on their trade with China. Let me say, then, that in its jealousy of us foreign barbarians the Chinese Government confines our ships to the one port of Canton, and reserves the right of nominating such persons as shall be permitted to trade with us. These "Hong" merchants, as they are called, in number less than a dozen, are each and all responsible to the Emperor for any disturbance that may be committed by a person belonging to a foreign ship; and they in turn look for compensation to the European factors. So that, a Chinese mob being the most insolent in the world, and the spirit of British seamen proverbial, these factors often find themselves in situations of great delicacy, and sometimes of more than a little danger.

It happened that on the next day after our arrival a small party of us—Margit and Obed; the second officer, Mr. Tomlinson; and I—had taken a short stroll ashore and were returning to the boat, which lay ready by the landing, manned by six seamen. The coxswain brought the boat alongside; and I, on the lowest step of the landing stage, stooped to hold her ready while Margit embarked. She and Obed waited on the step next above, with Mr. Tomlinson close behind. A small crowd had followed us, and just then one dirty Chinaman reached forward, and with a word or two (no doubt indecent) laid his open palm on the back of Margit's neck. Quick as thought she lifted a hand and dealt him a rousing box in the ear. I sprang up and pushed him back as he recovered. He slipped on the ooze of the steps and fell: this was all I saw, for the crowd made a rush and closed. Obed and Mr. Tomlinson had hurried Margit into the boat: I leapt after them, and we pushed off under a brisk shower of dirt and stones. We were soon out of range, and reached the ship without mishap.

Knowing the nature of a Chinese rabble, I felt glad enough that the affair had proved no worse; and thought

little more of it until early next morning, when Mr. Findlater, the first officer, came with a puzzled face and reported that during the night someone had attached a boat, with a dead Chinaman in it, to the chain of our small bower anchor.

I went on deck at once. A good look at the corpse relieved me; for as far as my recollection served, it bore no resemblance to the man I had pushed on the landing.

I told off two of the rowers of the previous day—the two whose position in the bows had given them the best view of the scuffle—to cut the thing adrift. They did so, and came back with the report that they had never seen the dead man before in their lives. So I tried to feel easy.

But soon after breakfast, and almost in the full heat of the day, there came off a galley with two of the Hong merchants and no less a person than Mr. —, the chief of the H.E.I.C.'s factory. He brought serious news. The boat had drifted up the river and had been recovered by a crowd of Chinese, who took out the dead man and laid him on the doorstep of the factory, clamouring that he had been killed the day before by an Englishwoman, and threatening, unless she were given up, to seize the first supercargo that came out and carry him off to be strangled.

I answered, describing the scuffle and declaring my readiness to swear that the body bore no resemblance to the fellow whose ear Margit had boxed. But I knew how little this testimony would avail in a Chinese court. The two Hong merchants assured me that their brother, the *Macartney's* guarantor, was already in the hands of the magistrates, who had handcuffed him and were threatening him with the bamboo; that an interdiction lay on the *Macartney's* cargo, and Mr. — himself ran no small risk of imprisonment.

Our position was at once absurd and extremely serious. To do him justice, Mr. — at once agreed that there could be no question of delivering up Margit: the penalty of her offence, if proved to the satisfaction of the Chinese magistrates, being—I can hardly bring myself to write it—nothing short of strangulation. He could only promise to accept for a while the risks of delay and do his utmost to bribe the magistrates into compromising the matter for a small fine.

He proved as good as his word. For five weeks the *Macartney* lay at anchor without discharging a pennyweight of her cargo, and every day brought a new threat, edict, or proclamation. At the end of the first week the security merchant was allowed to send his agents to offer a reward of twenty thousand dollars to any man of our crew who would swear to having seen the Englishwoman strike the deceased. The agents conducted their parley from the boat, and only made off on being threatened with a bucket of slops. I kept the ship's guns loaded and set on a double watch, night and day. His wife's peril threw Obed into a state of apprehension so pitiable that I began to fear for his mind. Margit, on the other hand, behaved with the coolest composure; and I had some trouble in persuading her to remain below decks and out of sight. She relied cheerfully on us and on the crew, every man of whom she had bound to her (I suppose by her remarkable beauty) in the completest loyalty.

In five weeks Mr. — had spent at least as many thousands of pounds; and still matters were at a stand when, one day, Mr. Tomlinson reported a boat under our quarter, demanding speech with us. I went to the side

and saw a tall, lank-haired man, in a suit of white duck, standing in the stern-sheets with the tiller lines in his hands.

"No pigtail on me, Cap!" he bawled. "I'm Oliphant Q. Wills, of the American barque *Independence*: and I want to come aboard." He pointed to his vessel, which had come up the river soon after us and now lay, ready for sea, two cables distant from us.

I saw no reason for refusing; and in less than a minute he came running up the ladder and introduced himself again. "Business," said he; so I led him to my cabin.

"Hallo!" said he, looking over the floor, "I observe you don't chew. I opine it would convenience us both to talk with the stern window open." I opened it. Our talk then ran as follows—

CAPTAIN W. I've come to trade.

SELF. Then you have come, Sir, to a very bad ship.

CAPTAIN W. I allowed you would say that. I know all about it and came in consequence. I never miss a chance.

SELF. You wish to buy, of course.

CAPTAIN W. Not at all. I'm here to sell.

SELF. What, pray?

CAPTAIN W. A half hogshead cask of pretty ordinary Geneva—with a Dutchwoman inside.

SELF. Now where on earth could you have picked that up?

CAPTAIN W. (*spitting out of window*). In latitude 28—in a flat calm—off a Dutch East Indiaman. The name I have at home on a bit of paper; you shall have it as warranty with the cask. The Captain was drunk, and I traded with the mate. I never miss a chance. The mate said nothing of the woman inside. This is painful for me to speak about, for I had the worst of the deal, and such is not my reputation. But I allowed I would sell that cask at a profit if I carried it around a hundred years.

SELF. What do you ask?

CAPTAIN W. Well, I have been inquiring of Mr. —, your chief factor here; and he tells me that your brother, Mr. Obed Lanyon, was with Cook and Vancouver, and knows the coast from Cape Flattery northwards and round by the Aleutians like the palm of his hand. Now it happens I have business up there among the Russian settlements—part trade, part exploring. I needn't say more, for the United States Government didn't send me to tell secrets. A man like your brother would be money in my pocket all the way; and at the end of the job I would undertake to deliver him and his wife safely at any American port within reason, with money to take them home like princes, and a trifle over. I'm a square man, and if I weren't, you couldn't be in a worse fix than you are.

"I think," said I, "if you do not mind waiting a few minutes, we will trade, Mr. Wills."

With this I went on deck and hoisted my private signal for Mr. —, who came alongside in less than half an hour. He was a practical man, and at once saw the prospect of escape held out by the American's offer, ridiculous as it may seem to those who know little of Chinese law and custom. Indeed, one of the magistrates had frankly appealed to Mr. — to hire a substitute for Margit among the negro women at Macao, and our friend engaged that by spending a few hundred additional dollars he would get the Dutchwoman's corpse accepted as full discharge for the offence, provided that Mrs. Lanyon could

be smuggled out of the Canton River. This Captain Wills readily undertook to do. Mr. — then suggested that his negotiations would be made easier by the disappearance of all implicated in the scuffle—i.e., Mr. Tomlinson and myself, as well as Obed and Mrs. Lanyon. Mr. Findlater, my first officer, could take command and work the *Macartney* home, and Mr. — engaged to make our case right with the Company, though at the cost to me of the indirect profits which a commander looks to make from a homeward voyage. We discussed this for some while, and in the end agreed to it. Captain Wills, being short-handed, was even generous enough to offer me a small sum for my services in assisting him with the navigation.

To be short, all was arranged. That same night a boat from the *Independence* brought the famous cask of Geneva alongside and took us four English people in exchange; and by four a.m. we were under weigh and heading for the open sea.

The *Independence* steered through the Formosa Strait across the Eastern Sea, and on the 25th of July entered the Bay of Nagasaki under Russian colours, which she thenceforth continued to fly. Like most European captains, our American captain kept his straightforward dealing for certain races only. He produced his trading articles; but the Japanese wanted nothing, and demanded to know what brought him there. He answered that he wanted water and fresh provisions (we had plenty of both), and to prove it ordered several butts to be started and brought empty on deck. This was enough for the hospitable Japanese, who next day brought supplies of hogs, fish, and vegetables, for which they asked no payment; besides four dozen large tubs of water, which Captain Wills emptied on deck, stopping the scuppers and removing the plugs at night so that the water might not be perceived. On the fourth day we got under way again; our deluded friends even going so far in kindness as to tow us out of the bay, and parting from us with cheers and much waving of hats and hands.

From Nagasaki we made for Kamschatka, and thence for the Aleutian Islands and the American coast. On his way Captain Wills sedulously prosecuted the business for which his vessel had been chartered by the Russian-American Company, and distributed his cargo of nankeens, silks, tea, sugar, etc., among the Russian settlements dotted among the islands. So far, Obed's services had been in little request; and I, too, had leisure to observe and wonder at a certain remarkable change that had come over Margit—as it seemed to me, from the time of our entering the parallels above 50. Her usual calm bearing had given way to succeeding fits of restlessness and apathy. At times she would sit dejected for hours together; at others she would walk the deck without pause, her cloak thrown open to the cold wind, which she seemed to drink like a thirsty creature. One day, the vessel being awkwardly becalmed within a mile of an ugly-looking iceberg, her excitement rose to something like a frenzy. The weather being hazy, Obed—who was busy with the captain, taking soundings—asked me to run below for his glass; and then I almost fell over Margit, who lay on the cabin floor, her whole body writhing and her hands tightly clenched upon a handkerchief which she had torn to rags.

Of course I asked what ailed her, and offered to bring help, medicines—anything. She rose in confusion. "It was a pain in her chest," she said; "nothing more: it would quickly pass; the cold brought it on," she thought. I would oblige her by going away; and, above all, by saying nothing to Obed.

To what extent Obed remarked the change I cannot tell. He now began to be pretty busy with his soundings and sketches of the coast. We had left Kadjak on the 9th of October, and on the last day of the month were cruising off Queen Charlotte's Island. So far, considering the lateness of the season, we had enjoyed remarkable weather. The natives, too, were friendly beyond expectation. The sight of our vessel brought them off in great numbers, and at times we had as many as a hundred canoes

eight miles' distance. Unhappily, the wind dropped at once, while the motion of the waves continued, and our sails being useless, we found ourselves drifting rapidly shoreward with the set of the current. In our dismay, we were just letting go anchor, when a breeze sprang up from the north-west, and we worked off.

But we were over-hasty in blessing this breeze, which before midnight grew to a violent gale; and for two days we drove before it in much distress—Obed and I taking turns at conning the ship, since Captain Wills had received an awkward blow between the shoulders from the swinging of a loose block, and lay below in considerable pain and occasionally spitting blood, which made us fear some inward hurt. During the night of the fourth the wind moderated; but the weather turning thick again we were hardly reassured.

Early on the sixth Captain Wills appeared once more on deck, and sent me below to get some sleep. I believe, indeed, that had fate allowed I should have slept round the clock. But at ten that morning a violent shock pitched me clean out of my berth. The *Independence* was aground.

The place of our shipwreck you will find near about 47° N. lat., between Vancouver's Cape Flattery and the mouth of the Columbia River, but nearer to the former. Luckily the *Independence* had run in upon soft ground and at high water, so that when the tide dropped she still held together, though badly shaken and gaping in all her lower seams. To save her was out of the question. We therefore made the best of our way ashore in the dense fog, taking with us all our guns and the best of our ammunition, as well as provisions and a quantity of sails and spars for rigging up tents. On no side of us could we see farther than twenty paces. Of the inhabitants of this dreary spot—if, indeed, it had inhabitants—we knew nothing. So we first of all cleaned and loaded our firearms, and then set to work to light a fire and erect a shelter. We had done better, as it turned out, to have divided our company and told off a fairly strong party to protect the ship. As it was, Captain Wills remained on board with three men to cut away and take down some of the heavier tackling.

We had set up one tent and were at work on the second, when I heard an exclamation from Margit, who stood by the big cauldron a

few paces off, cooking our dinner of salt pork. Looking up, I saw a ring of savages all about us on the edge of the fog.

They were brown, undersized men, clothed for the most part in dirty blankets and armed with short lances shod with iron, though one or two carried muskets. These last I soon discovered to be toons, or elders, of the tribe. They stood and observed us with great gravity (indeed, in all my acquaintance with them I never knew one to smile), and in absolute silence. I could not tell how many the fog concealed. They made no aggressive movement.

I called to Margit, bidding her leave the cauldron and walk quietly towards us, and she did so. Almost at once a savage thrust his lance into the pot, drew out our dinner on the end of it, and laid it on the sand. One of the toons then cut up the pork with his knife and handed the portions round, keeping a large lump for himself.

Seeing this, some of our men were for hostilities, but I restrained them, and we made our meal from a barrel of



Quick as thought she lifted a hand and dealt him a rousing box in the ear. I sprang up and pushed him back as he recovered. He slipped on the ooze of the steps and fell.

about us, the largest holding perhaps a dozen people, some armed with muskets, but the most with lances and forks pointed with stags' antlers and a kind of scimitar made of whale rib. We suffered but two or three persons to board us at a time, and traded with them for dried fish, sea-otters, beaver and reindeer skins. A string of glass beads (blue was the favourite colour) would buy a salmon of 20lb. weight; but for beaver they would take nothing less valuable than China stuffs.

Obed had warned us against the natives of Queen Charlotte's Island as likely to prove stronger and less friendly than any we had encountered. We felt a reasonable anxiety, therefore, when, almost as soon as we sighted the island, a thick fog came up with some wind and a heavy swell from the south and hid the coast completely. This lasted until Nov. 2nd at daybreak, when the weather lifted and we saw land at about

biscuit, eating in silence, while the natives chewed away at the pork. The meal over, we fell to work and finished the second tent without opposition, though curiosity drew some of our visitors so near as to hamper the workmen. When thrust aside they showed no resentment, but after a minute drew near again and impeded us as badly as ever.

Towards nightfall the main body drew off—whither the fog did not reveal; but one or two entered the tents with us, hung around while we supped, and, without the least invitation, stretched themselves down to sleep. I own that this impudence tried my temper sorely, and Obed—the only one of us who knew some scraps of the language of these Indians—went so far as to remonstrate with them. But if they understood, they gave no sign of understanding; and we resolved to forbear from violence, at least so long as Captain Wills and his three comrades remained away from our main body, exposed to any vengeance these savages might wreak.

And our fears for the Captain were justified about four a.m. by a report of firearms in the direction of the ship. I sprang to the door and waved a torch, and in a minute or so our comrades came running in through a shower of stones and lances, several of which struck the tent. The

quickly made, since his map showed no creek or river that promised to impede us, and the Indians were not likely to annoy us while the camp and the remains of the barque afforded any plunder. Accordingly we packed up, and having destroyed what muskets and weapons we did not want and thrown our spare gunpowder into the sea, shortly after noon began our march through the forest.

We were nineteen persons in all, and each of us carried two muskets, a pistol, and some pounds of ammunition, besides his share of the provisions. The only ones more lightly laden were Margit and Captain Wills. The latter, indeed, could with pain manage to walk at all, and so clogged the pace of the party that we made but eight miles before nightfall, when we halted in an open space, set watches, and passed the night with no more discomfort than came from the severe cold.

In the morning we started early and made a good ten miles before noon. The Captain now seemed at the end of his powers, and we allowed him an hour's rest while we cleaned our firearms. Margit gave no sign of fatigue; but I observed that she walked alone and in silence. Indeed, she had scarcely spoken since our shipwreck.

The ground chosen for our halt lay about midway down

or twice in the course of the morning I observed him pause, as if to listen. The reason for this became apparent at about one in the afternoon, when I, too, heard the sound of running water; and an hour later we halted on the edge of a broad valley, with a swift stream flowing through it, black between banks of snow, and on the near bank a few huts and a crowd of three hundred Indians at least.

They had already caught sight of us, so we judged it better to advance, after looking to our arms. We were met by a toën (the same that had cut up the pork) and a chief of taller stature and pleasanter features than we had hitherto happened on in the country.

It now appeared that the previous silence of these people had been deliberate, for the toën at once began to talk in a language fairly intelligible to Obed. He proposed to supply us with boats to cross the river if we would give up our muskets in payment. This, of course, we refused, but offered him the whole collection of beads and trinkets that we had brought with us in the hope of trafficking for food. After some haggling, to which the handsome chief, Yootramaki, listened with seeming disdain, the toën undertook to let us have the boats; and presently one appeared paddled by three naked savages. As this



Obed caught up the helpless toën and held him high in the air.

natives, it appeared, had attempted to plunder the ship. At great risk Obed ran out to seek one of the toëns and reason with him, but the mischief happened too quickly. Some of our men caught up their muskets and fired. Our assailants at once broke up and fled; and half a dozen of us charged down to the water's edge, where we saw a score and more with torches, busily setting fire to the ship. They, too, dispersed before us, leaving two of their number dead on the field and carrying off several wounded. But we came too late to save the *Independence*, which was already ablaze in a dozen different places; nor could we make any effort against the flames, for we knew not how sorely we might be wanted at the tent.

So we returned and spent the rest of the night in great discomfort, the blaze of the ship colouring the fog all around, but showing us nothing. Soon after daybreak the weather lifted a little, and what we saw discouraged us yet further. For, except the beach on which we were encamped, we found the whole coast covered with a thick forest to the water's edge, while our boat, in which we might have made shift to escape, had been either fired or taken off by the savages. At ten a.m., therefore, Captain Wills called a council of war, and informed us that he could think of no better plan than to push on for a harbour (its name, if I mistake not, was Gray's Harbour) lying about seventy miles to the southward, where a ship of the Company was due to call early in the spring. Obed remembered it and added that the journey might be

a stiff slope, by which the forest descended to the sea, visible here and there between the stems of the trees below us. Shortly before two o'clock, when we were preparing to start again, a big stone came crashing down among our stores; and, as we scattered in alarm, two or three others followed. Looking up, I caught sight of a couple of Indians on the crest of the slope, and fired off my rifle to frighten them. They desisted at once; but to prevent further annoyance we made for the crest, where the rocky ground made walking difficult, so that we added but another five miles or so before nightfall.

During this night the wind rose, and at length blew and snowed so hard as to drive us off the ridge. Luckily, however, one of the men discovered a shallow cave in the hillside, and here we huddled and continued all the next day and night, waiting for the storm to abate, which no sooner happened than we were assailed again by a perfect bombardment of big stones. These, however, flew harmlessly over our shelter.

I was dozing at daybreak on the tenth, when a seaman named Hogue woke me and called my attention to the Captain. He was stiff and cold, and had died in the night without complaint, and, as far as could be learnt, without sound. The rain of stones not being resumed with daylight, we buried his body in the floor of the cave, and pushed on over the snow in sad and sorry condition, for our provisions now began to run short.

Obed assumed the lead, with the consent of all. Once

would barely hold a dozen passengers, we begged for another, that we might all cross together. The toën complied, and sent a second but much smaller boat. In these we allowed ourselves to be distributed—Obed and I with ten others in the larger, and Margit with five seamen in the smaller.

The boats pushed out into the stream, the larger leading. The current ran deep and swift; and when, about half-way across, the nearest savage ceased paddling, I supposed he did so that the others on the starboard side might more easily bring the bows round to it. Before one could guess his true intention, he had stooped and whipped out a plug from the boat's bottom, at the same time calling to his comrades, who leapt up and flung themselves overboard. The next moment he was after them, and the whole party swimming to shore. The current swept us down and carried us so near to a spit of the shore we had left, that the savages, who now pelted us with arrows, succeeded in killing one seaman and wounding four others; but here, most fortunately, it set right across for the opposite bank, where we contrived to land just as our boat sank beneath us. Those in the smaller boat, however, fell into the enemy's hands, who clubbed the five seamen on the head, sparing only Margit; and then, supposing our muskets to be wet and useless, crossed over in a canoe to attack us.

But, as Providence would have it, we had four muskets left dry—they being slung round us in bandoliers—and

the greater part of our powder unspoiled. We met the foe with a volley which disposed of three and sank the canoe. The survivors swam for it, and, I daresay, reached shore. A second canoe put off, and from the bows of it the rascally toën (cause of all this misfortune, as we deemed) hailed Obed, and offered to let us go in peace and even restore Margit if we would surrender our firearms.

I think the coldest heart must have pitied my poor brother then. He paced the bank like a mad creature, silent, directing the most agonised look at his comrades and at me in particular. We turned our faces aside, for his wishes were madness, yet we were asking him to sacrifice what was dearest to him in the world. In his distraction then he tore off most of his clothes, and, piling them in a heap, besought the toën to take them for a ransom; and we, too, stripped and stood all but naked, adding our prayers to his; but the scoundrel, without regard to our offering, spoke to his men, and was paddled away.

I will pass over the hour that followed. We quieted Obed's ravings at length, or, rather, they ceased out of pure exhaustion. We were all starving, in fact, and the food left in our wallets would not keep a cat alive for another forty-eight hours. Retiring to a clump of firs about one hundred yards back from the river's bank, we scooped a hole in the snow and entrenched ourselves as well as we could for the night. Some of us managed to sleep a little; the others tried to allay the pangs of hunger by chowing their musket covers, the sponges on their ramrods, even their boot soles.

At midnight came my turn for watching. In my weakness I may have dozed, or, perhaps, was light-headed. At any rate, turning after some time to glance at the sleepers, I missed Obed. An ugly suspicion seized me, and I counted the muskets. Two of these were missing. After shaking one of the sleepers and bidding him watch, I leaped over our low breastwork and ran towards the river in the track of my brother's footsteps. Almost as I started, a flash and report of a musket right ahead changed the current of my fears. By the light of the young moon I saw two figures struggling and rolling together on the river's brink. They were Obed and our peculiar enemy, the toën. The body of a dead Indian lay stretched some ten paces off beside a small canoe, which lay moored by the bank.

Our comrades came running up as I flung myself into the struggle, and we quickly secured the toën. I believe Obed would have killed him. "Don't be a fool!" said I. "Cannot you see that we now have a hostage for Margit?" I ought at the same time to have begged his pardon for my suspicions. As the reader already knows, Obed had a far keener ear than I, and it had warned him of the canoe's approach. It turned out afterwards that the toën had planned this little reconnoitring expedition on his own account, and on the chance, perhaps, of fetching a musket or two.

We quickly laid our plans, and at daybreak flung my gentleman, bound hand and foot, into his own canoe, which Obed and I paddled into mid-stream, while our party stood on the bank and watched. The village opposite seemed deserted, but at Obed's hail an Indian woman ran out of the largest hut, and returning, must have summoned the good-looking chief Yootramaki, who emerged in a minute or so and came slowly down the bank. By this time several groups of Indians had gathered and

stood looking on—in all, perhaps eighty or a hundred people.

Obed pointed to our prisoner and made his demand. I understood him to ask for the immediate ransom of Margit, and a supply of salmon and other provisions to take us on our journey. The chief stood considering for a while, then spoke to a native boy, who ran to the house; and in a minute or so Margit herself appeared, with the native woman who had first taken word of us. She came down the bank, and Yootramaki signed to Obed to address her, which he did—

"Margit," said he, pointing to the toën, "I believe that in this scoundrel here God has provided a way out of

powerful man in his tribe, and at least he is kind. I should be mad, rather, to wander with you through the forests, and in the end fall into worse hands, or perhaps die of starvation or cold. I do not want to be frozen—again. Go away now, when you have bartered the man there for food. You have been very good to me; but this cannot be helped."

Obed lifted his gun: then lowered it. "Dom," he muttered, "can you shoot her? I cannot!"

I was using all my strength just then to keep paddling the canoe against the current. I caught a glimpse of our comrades on the farther bank, and then exactly what happened I know not. Perhaps Margit, having given her

answer, turned back towards the house. At any rate, shrilly crying her name, Obed sprang up and discharged his musket. The shot went wide. With a second furious cry he stooped, caught up the helpless toën and held him high in air. The canoe lurched heavily, and the next instant I was in the water. I never saw Obed again, and the toën must have gone down like a stone. For me, I struck out for the far shore, but the current swept me down on the sandy spit where we had nearly come to shipwreck the day before. Several Indians had gathered there. One ran into the water, waist high, lifting a club. I turned and made a last effort to swim from him, but he flung himself on my back and bore me under.

I recovered to find myself in an Indian hut. Margit had persuaded them to spare me, and I was now, in name at least, a slave in Yootramaki's possession. As a matter of fact, however, I was allowed to do pretty much as I liked; and my employment (absurd as it may sound) for the most part consisted in designing kites and other toys for the natives, who in mind and disposition resemble children rather than grown people—sullen and rather vicious children, I should say.

I believe that Obed's body never came to land. Observing his end (I was told) our surviving comrades turned and fled into the woods; and from that hour no more was heard of them. Probably they perished of weariness and hunger; it is at least unlikely in the extreme that they found their way back among civilised men.

Though I accompanied my new master and his household northward to the village near Cape Flattery, where his chief residence lay, and remained more than three months

in his service, I could never obtain speech with Margit. But I have reason to believe she accepted her new life with absolute contentment. No doubt, though, she found the sight of me an irksome reminder; and one day early in April Yootramaki took me aside and promised me liberty if I would travel with him as far as the Strait, where an American brig had lately arrived. Of course I accepted his offer with gratitude; and we set forth next day. The captain of this brig (the *Cordelia*) was a Mr. Best, and his business in those parts seemed to consist in trading old American muskets in exchange for furs and dried fish. The Indians have no notion of repairing a gun which has got out of order, and Captain Best actually carried a gunsmith on board, whose knowledge enabled him to buy up at one place all the guns that wanted repairing, and sell them as new pieces at another.

It only remains to add that the *Cordelia* conveyed me to Valparaiso, whence I shipped for England, reaching the Downs in safety on the 4th of April, 1899.

THE END.



PREPARING FOR FRIDAY.—BY J. SCOTT.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

all our troubles. We caught him last night, and have brought him along as ransom for you. But stand close to the water and be ready to jump for the boat if they mean treachery. Edom and I will see that you come to no harm."

"My dear husband," she answered very quiet and slow, "I think you are wasting your time. I am sorry, but I shall not go with you."

Obed turned a dazed look on me, and then, supposing he had not heard aright, began again—

"Stand close by the water, and jump when I give the word. All may depend on your quickness—only be bold, my dear, I will explain after."

"But it is I who must explain. I am not going with you—really I am not."

Obed turned again to me, this time with wide eyes. "God of mercy!" he cried hoarsely; "her troubles have driven her mad!"

Margit heard. "Oh, no," she said, "I am not mad. The chief here has taken me; he seems to be the most

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The amount of pleasure we derive from the presence of colour in nature is a matter hard or impossible to estimate. The hues and tints of the plant world forcibly appeal to our natural sense of beauty, and the colours of many animals delight us, albeit these tints have usually a protective interest, or serve a primary office and function in that they serve either to conceal the animal or present sexually attractive characters to its mate. Now, the exact nature of the colours, tints, and hues which animals exhibit is found to vary greatly in different groups. In some cases, where a brilliant play of iridescent hues is seen, the colour-play is due to interference with the light-waves. It is a purely optical phenomenon, in other words, as distinguished from an actual display of pigment *per se*. If we draw a number of fine lines with a needle on a sheet of dull lead, we may obtain iridescence of the surface of the metal, because every tiny ridge made by the needle causes light-interference, and the beautiful tints seen inside many shells are similarly produced by the action of the light-waves on the ridges of the mother-of-pearl layers.

But actual colour developed in the tissues of animals may also be responsible for the hues that delight us in living nature. The butterflies illustrate a group of insects

something more than the waste product it is in higher life. Or, may it not be that higher life, doing away with the necessity for utilising uric acid as a colour-product, has reduced it to the dead level of pure waste? It may be remembered that it is this uric acid which figures largely in the production of gout, and that an excess of urate of soda in the blood is believed to be the cause or ruling condition in determining the gouty attack. There may, therefore, exist a closer relation than we might be given to suppose possible between the utilisation of uric acid for colour-production in lower life, and the gouty condition in man. Further—and this is a mere passing thought of mine—in certain kidney troubles, and notably in “Addison’s Disease,” there is bronzing of the skin. Is it possible that such cases of coloration of the skin in us represent survivals of states and conditions which may still be prevalent in our lower neighbours?

The death of Professor Henry Drummond removed from our midst a man with a personality all his own, and one whose influence among a very large class of persons, not given to regard science with very favourable concern, we could ill spare. I only came in contact with Mr. Drummond years before he had attained fame as an expositor of the analogy between the physical side of life and that which he termed the spiritual phase; but I knew sufficient of his thorough earnestness of purpose and liberality of mind to appreciate

THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT MEETING.

Boat-race and wintry weather notwithstanding, a large and representative crowd of sightseers journeyed to Epping on Saturday last for the Bar Point-to-Point Meeting, held under the auspices of the Pegasus Club. The company, which included legal luminaries of all degrees of brilliance, travelled to Epping Station by special train, and there embarked in wagonettes and other conveyances for the course, and drove through the town to North Weald Hall, the farm estate of Mr. Bosley. Here a capital three-mile course had been planned, with nineteen fences and a brook, and the ground proved to be in excellent condition. Tents had been erected for the entertainment of the legal world’s friends, and a long array of carriages contained many onlookers from the neighbourhood, the local gentry and farmers mustering in force for the occasion. Indeed, the country-side generally seemed to be holding high holiday in honour of the event, and the scene presented a very animated appearance of a kind pleasantly distinguished from that of the average racecourse. The opening race, the Bar Heavy-Weight, was won by Mr. J. B. Gilliat on his horse Paddy, who took the lead away from Mr. Butcher’s Countess for the last two fields, and scored a capital victory; Mr. Howell Price coming in third on Bessie. In the Bar Light-



THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT RACES AT EPPING: AT THE BROOK.

which, as may be supposed, lends itself very aptly to the study of colour-displays; and it is not surprising to find entomologists intent upon solving the manner of origin of such gorgeous tints as these insects possess. Mr. A. G. Mayer has made a recent and noteworthy contribution to the literature of colour in the butterfly order. He tells us that certain hues are always due to the development of pigment within the animal’s tissues. Such are the blacks, browns, yellows, and reds. Other hues—such as white, blue, green, purple, and violet—popularly believed, and sometimes with reason, to be due to light-interference, have been ascertained also to be dependent on the presence of actual pigments. But that which is assuredly most interesting in Mr. Mayer’s observations is the demonstration that within the minute scales with which the wings of butterflies and moths are covered—scales that, to the naked eye, present the appearance of fine dust—certain colours show in respect of their chemical composition a remarkable resemblance to uric acid. Mr. Mayer shows that the white colour of the common butterflies is due to this acid, and he adds that in the case of yellows and reds the substances found are closely related in nature to the acid in question.

A green pigment in butterflies and moths is also attributed to the presence of uric acid. Now, uric acid is a waste product of the animal body, which is naturally excreted from the blood by the kidneys. Probably also the skin, which performs practically the same work as the kidneys, also excretes this acid; therefore it may form a most interesting topic for speculation whether in lower life the acid in question may not be regarded as

to the full his endeavours to reconcile the putting of the new wine of scientific facts into the old bottles of orthodox tradition. He was an adept in the art of placing a solid and heavy scientific fact agreeably and poetically before his readers. I reviewed his “Ascent of Man” somewhat severely, I fear, because conscientiously I thought it a weak book, and because I held Drummond had not given due prominence to the original source of his idea regarding the origin of the family life. This idea he obtained from John Fiske, of Harvard, who published it years before Drummond wrote, in his “Cosmic Philosophy.”

The controversy regarding the transmission of acquired parental peculiarities by the offspring—the crucial point in the Weismann theory—still continues. This topic bids fair to become one of the standing subjects of controversy among biologists, and it is to be devoutly wished that something of the nature of a Scientific Commission should be constituted to collect, examine, and review evidence *pro* and *con* the possibility in question. I myself am by no means convinced that the transmission of acquired peculiarities or injuries is impossible. I lean to the belief—not unsupported by evidence—that such transmission is a factor in the process of evolution itself. The latest evidence I have noted is given by Mr. W. G. Thistle, who, in a letter to a medical journal, quotes a case noted by the late Dr. Rolleston, of Oxford. An undergraduate had his eye accidentally struck by half a loaf of bread. In time he lost the sight of this eye. He became a clergyman, married, and had three or four sons, “all of whom had the corresponding eye smaller than the other and with somewhat impaired sight.”

Weight Race, which followed, Mr. J. G. Butcher, M.P., redeemed his defeat in the Heavy-Weights by a win on Fingall, Mr. A. Gee’s Gambler coming in second, and Mr. P. Clowes’s Gordon third. The Inns of Court Open Race proved by far the most exciting feature of the meeting, Mr. J. B. Gilliat winning by a head on Offley, Mr. A. L. Mumm’s Diana coming in second. At the last fence Offley had the lead, but Mr. Gilliat apparently thought that he could afford to take it very gently up the straight. In this he was mistaken, and only realised his error just in time, for Mr. Mumm brought Diana on at a fine pace, which for a moment threatened to snatch the victory from the favourite. The meeting was altogether a most enjoyable one, and left no room for wonder at the marked growth in popular favour which it has made since last year’s fixture at Potter’s Bar.

Dr. Nansen’s reception in Germany has been no less enthusiastic than in England. The leading learned societies of the country have vied with one another in the honours which they have conferred upon the great explorer, who has now received the gold medal for art and science from the Emperor as well as the Geographical Society’s Humboldt medal. A reception given in his honour by this society on Saturday last was attended by a crowd of distinguished Germans, and on the following Sunday Dr. Nansen was entertained at lunch by the Emperor and Empress, who invited a brilliant company to meet him. His lectures are drawing large audiences wherever they are delivered.



THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ: HER MAJESTY TAKING HER MORNING DRIVE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA LISERB.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.



THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ: HER MAJESTY WITNESSING THE DEPARTURE OF THE RED PENITENTS AT THE "FÊTE DES COUGOURDONS," CIMIEZ.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

LITERATURE.

SIR EVELYN WOOD'S CAVALRY.

One of the many gratifying signs of the improvement which has in recent years marked the intellectual outfit of the British officer is to be found in the present number and excellence of our military authors; and it is a curious coincidence that the most distinguished of these authors are also the most illustrious of our commanders. As a writer, Moltke himself was surpassed by few of his purely literary countrymen; and among ourselves there are also not many of our professional authors who can pen a narrative or illustrate a theme better than Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Major-General Maurice, or General Sir Evelyn Wood. What could have been more fascinating, more charmingly artless in their literary art, than Sir Evelyn's chatty record of his Crimean experiences? And now, again, here he is in the field with a much more serious and scientific treatise, *Achievements of Cavalry* (George Bell and Sons), which will form most interesting, most instructive, and most encouraging reading to all lovers of the *arme blanche*. The popular imagination warms at the sight of a mounted soldier as being still pretty much the same kind of fighting-man, barring his panoply, as were the Crusaders, the lance and sword being common to both; while our military organisers behold in cavalry an arm of the service of which the necessity and utility are as great as ever, in spite of the murderous effects of modern magazine rifles and machine-guns. It is also the arm of which the proper wielding demands more than any other the highest qualities of body and mind, the rarest combination of swift decision and instantaneous action. Curiously enough, our own military annals are singularly barren in cavalry exploits which have not to some extent savoured of the nature of brilliant blunders, of heroic but comparatively profitless self-sacrifice. Balaclava was a typical case. In other words, our cavalry commanders have hitherto been more conspicuous for their splendid courage than for their knowledge of the art of war. Of twelve cavalry attacks which Sir Evelyn Wood has selected from the military history of the last hundred years to point his moral, only one is contributed by England; and then, too, on this occasion the glory of England was equally shared by Austria. Sir Evelyn puts Germany at the top of the list of cavalry achievement, and for the simple reason that German leaders in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870 showed that they could combine science with slap-dash, above all things, that they knew "when and how to charge, and when to refrain from the attack"—the latter quality, perhaps, the most important of any. But they probably never would have done such admirable service in time of war had they not enjoyed so many opportunities of autumn manoeuvring on a large scale in time of peace. This is the main moral which Sir Evelyn draws from all the cavalry encounters that he describes with such a lucid and illuminating pen; though I think that his maps might have been much more helpful had they indicated for us line of attack as well as lie of country. And I also confess that I was not a little surprised to find him referring so often to "Dick de Loulay," a mere boulevard artist and journalist, as an authority on the fights at Rézonville and Mars-la-Tour.

CHARLES LOWE.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

In Mr. Arthur A. Harper's *Pioneer Work in the Alps of New Zealand* (T. F. Unwin), members of the Alpine Club and Alpine climbers generally will find suggested and described fresh regions promising richly to reward the toils in which they delight. Mr. Harper has, partly as an amateur, partly in the service of the New Zealand Government, explored the Alpine regions, both eastern and western, of the South Island of the three which form that noble colony. "I have shared," he says in his preface, "in the first exploration of almost every glacier in the central position (portion?) of these mountains," and in his carefully detailed and pleasantly written account of his explorations, with the hardships attendant on them, even the "general reader" will find much that is interesting. Mr. Harper is a member of our Alpine Club, as well as Vice-President of the Alpine Club of New Zealand, and he is familiar with the Swiss Alps. He speaks, therefore, with some authority when he affirms, "without hesitation, that the Southern Alps of New Zealand can not only be compared to, but in many respects excel in grandeur, the scenery of Switzerland." In his enthusiasm he anticipates the spectacle of "a flood of tourists overrunning New Zealand as they now overrun Switzerland and Norway." For the lovers of the "sublime and beautiful" there is the grandest and most picturesque scenery. For the adventurous there are virgin peaks to ascend. For the scientific explorer there is a fresh field of observation in the activity of the New Zealand glaciers, one far greater than is exhibited by those of Europe, the warm climate producing a low snow and ice line. The value of Mr. Harper's substantial and freshly instructive volume is enhanced by a good map and numerous illustrations of Alpine scenery under the Southern Cross.

Another of those books into which the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning pours some of the results of a wide range of reading, with his reflections on what he has read, is his *History in Fact and Fiction: A Literary Sketch* (Smith, Elder, and Co.). It is obvious that there is scarcely any limit to the treatment of the theme so comprehensively indicated in the title of Mr. Canning's volume. He begins with the relations of the Jews, Greeks, and Romans to each other, and rambles through the ages until he comes to contemporary Irish Nationalism, in his sketch of which he quotes impartially Tynan on the "Irish Invincibles" and Mr. Lecky's recent work on Democracy. In his chapters on the phenomena of the intervening period there is no ambitious attempt to construct a philosophy of history, and his comments, without being original or striking, are generally sensible, and always "unprejudiced." The most salient of his chapters on "History in Fiction" are those on Shakspeare's historical plays and Sir Walter Scott's historical novels. On both he writes with enthusiastic appreciation and not without occasional suggestiveness.

A testimony to the appreciation in this country of the "Music of the Future" and of its originator is the issue of a new edition (revised by Mr. W. Ashton Ellis) of the late Dr. Francis Hueffer's *Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt*. (H. Grovel and Co.) The book deserved this distinction were it only as a "human document" interesting to many who are not Wagner worshippers. Wagner believed that he had a high and even a holy mission to fulfil, and very touching is the contrast, painfully exhibited in these letters, between his lofty aspirations and the dismal prose of his long struggle towards recognition. At every step in his earlier career he was obstructed by untoward circumstances of one kind or another, not the least depressing of which was poverty, often of the severest kind. The highly sensitive Wagner might have succumbed in despair had he not been sustained by Liszt's generous friendship and encouragement. Liszt not only aided him with his purse, but while himself famous, courted, and caressed, he proclaimed to his friends in high places, and to the musical world of Europe, that a great genius had appeared in the person of the poor, obscure, and despised Wagner. While Wagner, in his turn, duly appreciated Liszt, the bond between the two became one not of mutual admiration only, but of the warmest personal friendship. These letters, ranging over twenty years (1841-61) between "dearest Franz" and "dearest Richard," overflow with the expression of a strong reciprocal affection which gives the volume a really unique charm among contributions to musical biography. Mr. Ellis has added to this edition a very ample and acceptable index.

The paradoxical saying, "The half is better than the whole," is exemplified in *An Australian Duchess*, by Amyot Sagon (Hurst and Blackett). The heroine, the charming daughter of a prosperous squatter, is wooed and won by the hero, an aristocratic young Englishman who, like Dogberry, has had losses, and these induce him to try his fortune in Australia. Life in the Bush, in all its picturesque and stirring variety, is very pleasantly described in one half of the volume, but the interest flags in the second half, when the hero has unexpectedly become an English Duke, and the heroine consequently an Australian Duchess. They come to England, of course, and the descriptions of its fashionable life, though quite unobjectionable, are of rather a hackneyed kind. "Amyot Sagon" would have done well to retain the hero and heroine in Australia. A talent for description and a sympathetic knowledge of Australian life are displayed in the volume. Without bringing the chief characters of the story to England, it would have been easy for the author to supply the amount and kind of incident required by the ordinary reader of fiction.

The novelist of our youth, who "smelt the rose above the mould," had surely more light as well as sweetness than the novelist of to-day, who "smells the mould above the rose." Human nature has its Yahoo side, no doubt, but it is a single side only, and not all four. The picture of human nature, for instance, which Mrs. Pender Cudlip gives us in *Four Women in the Case* (F. V. White and Co.), is as unfair as it is repellent. Such a scoundrel as Arnold Blatchley, who sells the woman he loves to distraction to a man he hated with equal intensity for a loan to be flung into a wild-cat investment, is inconceivable; and not less inconceivable is the lady's consent to the sale. Even Mrs. Cudlip's hero, who deliberately wins the love of her trustful heroine by concealing from her the existence of his wife, would be the villain of a more wholesome story. It is odd, by the way, that a novelist who has written so much as Mrs. Pender Cudlip should show such infantile ignorance of English. Such English, for instance, as "pander with the truth and his own conscience"—"actuated by animus to himself"—"she is disposed to look very kindly on yours truly," he added egregiously—meets you on every other page. We ought to add that "Four Women in the Case," though written from hand to mouth and in such headlong haste that none of its critical scenes is led up to adequately, has plenty of "go" to keep our interest alive to the last.

We remember an æsthete at Bolton Abbey persuading our party to look at the lovely scenery backward, from between the knees, with head upside down. Such a topsy-turvy view, he insisted, was incomparably more striking than the tame monotony of the ordinary mode of surveying nature. There are to-day a host of writers who, thinking the ordinary view of life monotonously tame, give you a topsy-turvy presentation of it of this kind, and succeed in being original only by being startling. Take, for instance, the plot of the principal story of Miss Mabel Wotton's *Day-Books* (John Lane)—a singularly promising collection, by the way, of decadent tales. A thorough scoundrel, whose wife was alive, but separated from him, ruins a girl of eighteen by going through with her the form of marriage. Only when on the brink of her confinement does she discover that the rascal had a wife already, and the discovery drives her from him, and to an old sweetheart, to whom she reveals her condition, in the hope that he will marry her in time to save her good name and father her child. Though this fathering of her child means making the scoundrel's son the heir of an honoured name and of a fine property, yet this old sweetheart marries the woman at once and eagerly, because, explains the author, it did not occur to him till long after the marriage that the cuckoo would shoulder out the rightful fledglings from the nest. When, however, this incidental consequence of the marriage did at last occur to him, it has not the slightest effect in estranging him from the child. Even this instance of his complaisant uxoriousness fails to prepare us for the amazing *dénouement*, when the wife generously leaves him the child, but goes back herself to its scoundrel of a father! And we are left to infer from the title of this astonishing story, "Morrison's Heir," that the hero considers the adoption of the child of such a father and such a mother a duty. Of the other stories in the volume, "The Fifth Edition" is incomparably the best; but all are unusually clever, and their cleverness to some extent redeems the unpleasantness of most of their subjects and of their characters.

A LITERARY LETTER.

I am very pleased to congratulate my friend Dr. Robertson Nicoll on his approaching marriage to Miss Catherine Pollard. Dr. Nicoll's many accomplishments have steadily impressed themselves upon the English public since he came to London from Scotland, some ten years ago, to edit the *Expositor* for Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. He has not only kept up the great traditions of that publication, but in founding the *British Weekly*, the *Bookman*, and the *Woman at Home* he has skilfully adapted himself to the requirements of widely different classes of readers. Apart from these journals, some of the most notable criticisms of current books have come from his pen. What he has done for many living writers the autograph copies of their books in his possession bear sufficient witness. Mr. J. M. Barrie, particularly, who recently travelled with him through America, never fails in his expressions of indebtedness to Dr. Nicoll for his wise and judicious counsel. Miss Catherine Pollard is the daughter of a country gentleman of Hertfordshire, where her family, of an old Quaker stock, has long been settled. In last year's Academy there was a picture entitled "A Quaker Wedding," by Percy Bigland, and Miss Pollard is represented as the bride. She has herself considerable art talent, and has exhibited in one or more of the London Galleries. A multitude of literary friends throughout the British Isles will wish to Dr. Nicoll and to his accomplished bride an abundant happiness in their new life.

I see that a writer in a Glasgow journal suggests that the editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine* must be a Scotsman, Scottish topics not being ignored in that publication. The editor of the *English Illustrated* is not unknown to me. He is entirely English, although, if I know him aright, he appreciates the abundant good things which Scotland, through her literature, has brought to England. But how is it possible, I would ask, for any editor not to give full scope to the persistent Scot in a publication under his control? London simply bristles with Scottish journalists; they swarm in Fleet Street—I could easily fill a column by the enumeration of some of them. Take the city of Aberdeen, for example; its record in English journalism is historic. A generation ago it gave James Perry to the *Morning Chronicle*, and Douglas Cook as first editor to the *Saturday Review*. Only the other day Mr. J. N. Dunn was appointed to the editorship of the *Morning Post*, one of the most distinguished positions that London journalism has to offer. Dr. Nicoll, to whom I have referred above, is another Aberdonian who is stamping himself with abundant vigour upon London literary and journalistic life. Mr. Robert Donald, the editor of *London*, Mr. John Cumming, one of the assistant-editors of the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. A. J. Wilson, the financial editor of the *Standard*, Mr. J. M. Bulloch, the assistant-editor of the *Sketch*, Mr. James Milne, and Mr. J. D. Symon, who write for that journal, all come from the persistent northern city or its envioning county, and all of them have brought to London journalism an amount of energy and zeal of which Aberdonians at home do well to be proud.

I learn from an interesting article on Arthur Hugh Clough in the *National Review* that Mr. John Morley refused to add Clough to the "English Men of Letters Series" on the ground that he was not really a man of letters. This astonishing dictum, added to the fact that Mr. John Morley rejected Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's suggestion that he should write on Hazlitt for the same series, that he refused Charlotte Brontë as a subject, and that he placed Byron, Burns, and Carlyle in thoroughly incompetent hands, would seem to suggest that, after all, Mr. Morley was not himself a heaven-born critic of letters, in spite of the excellent studies of Burke and Diderot which made his early fame.

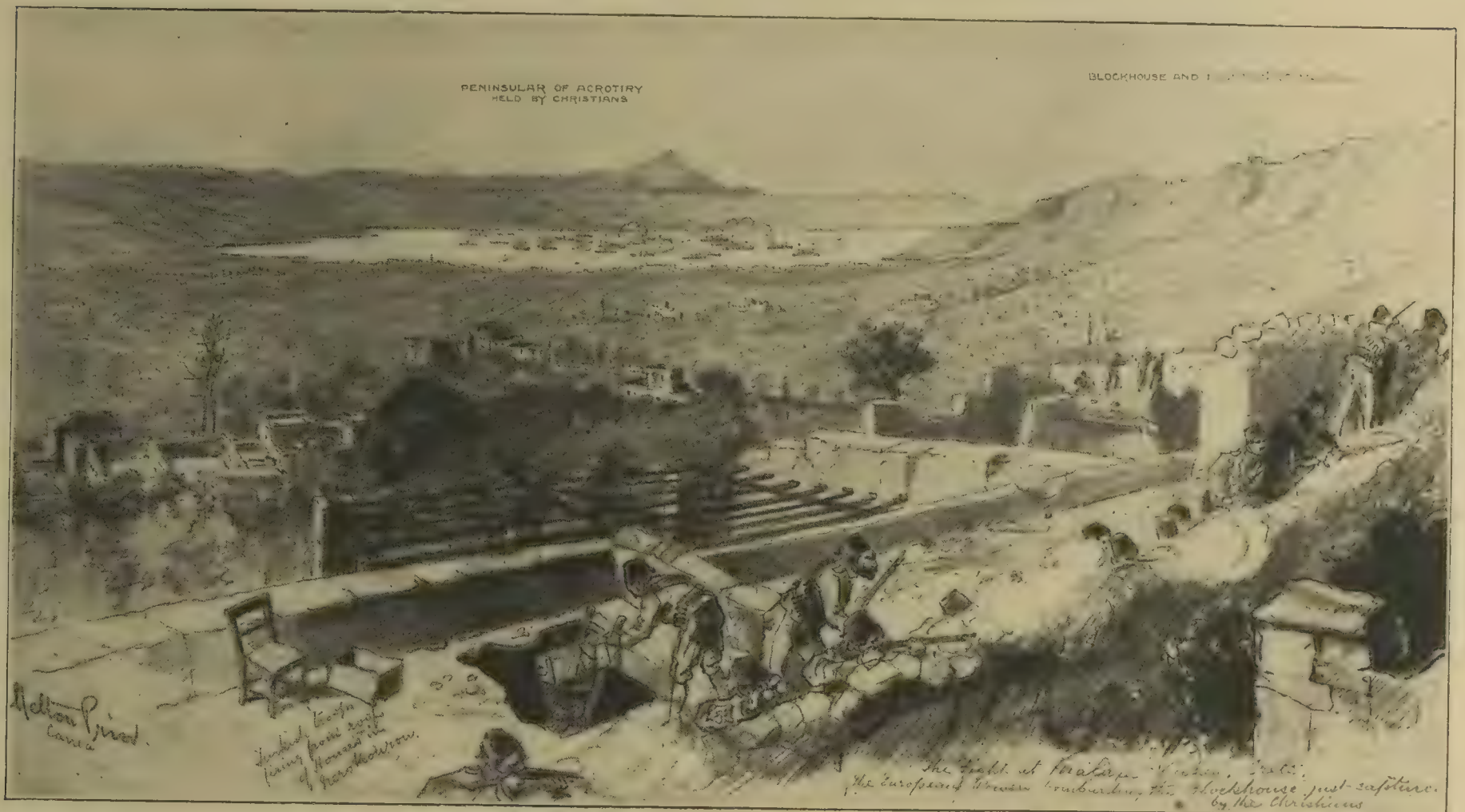
Yet all of us who remember the first appearance of that remarkable "Men of Letters Series" from the house of Macmillan cannot fail of a keen sense of gratitude for all that it has been to us. The lives of Milton, of Wordsworth, of Shelley, and the study of Hume were everything that such books should be, and, in fact, these monographs will need to be taken count of by any historian of Victorian literature. To me it is surprising that the series has not been indefinitely continued. That it should have been gradually dropped would seem to imply that in its later stages it was not remunerative. Yet I am inclined to think there never was a time when people would buy cheap biographies of distinguished men and women of the past more readily than to-day. Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Richardson, Smollett, Borrow, these and other names might surely with profit have been added to the list. Perhaps one of the difficulties would be to discover men of sufficient reputation and scholarship prepared to do the work on the terms which were thought generous ten or twenty years back. I imagine that it is not only with fiction that the rate of remuneration in literature has largely increased. All competent literary work is much better paid.

I believe that for each of the biographies in the "English Men of Letters Series" the sum of one hundred pounds was paid, while the writers of the biographies of the "Great Writers Series" received only thirty pounds apiece.

Some time ago a well-known publisher issued an edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," which, upon the appearance of the reviews, brought to the publisher a letter from a well-known firm of photographers in Baker Street addressed to Samuel Johnson, Esq., asking the Doctor to give them a sitting. This incident is now eclipsed by another. It would seem that the *Academy* published the other day a portrait of Landor. Immediately afterwards a photographer's letter came along addressed to "Walter Savage Landor, Esq.," asking him to sit for his portrait. It may be that in this case the photographer had mixed up the author of "Imaginary Conversations" with his grandson, the young artist and writer, who is now busily engaged on an expedition to the East for the *Daily Mail*; but the subject is worthy of another "imaginary conversation." Perhaps Landor would have thrown the photographer out of window, as he once did his cook.—O. K. S.

THE EASTERN CRISIS: THE FIGHT AT MALAXA.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE WAR-SHIPS OF THE POWERS BOMBARDING THE BLOCKHOUSE JUST CAPTURED BY THE CHRISTIANS.

In the Christian attack upon the blockhouse at Malaxa on March 25, the Turkish war-ships in Suda Bay kept firing upon the attacking force at intervals throughout the fight, with the object of relieving the beleaguered garrison, and after the occupation of the blockhouse the war-ships of the Powers fired upon the victorious Christians, and forced them to evacuate the now ruined stronghold.



THE WAR-SHIPS OF THE POWERS BOMBARDING THE CHRISTIAN INSURGENTS: VIEW FROM THE SOUTH.

One heavy shell from the Combined Fleet passed right through the blockhouse, demolishing one of its main walls. Some hundred shells fell around the position, doing considerable damage in the villages of Malaxa and Kontopulo. The Christians fired the ruined blockhouse before withdrawing from this bombardment, and carried forty-three of the garrison with them as prisoners.



THE EASTERN CRISIS: THE STORMING OF THE BLOCKHOUSE OF MALAXA BY THE CHRISTIAN INSURGENTS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I., FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

Early on the evening of March 25 a large force of Christian insurgents took up its position, with three guns, for an attack upon the Turkish Blockhouse at Malaxa, a village near Constanza. After prolonged artillery firing, the insurgents advanced on the blockhouse. The Turkish garrison eventually raised a white flag, and the Christians entered the blockhouse with a rush. The first of the insurgents to enter the fort was the young Cretan, Mamas, who was recently an undergraduate at Oxford and is now the leader of a band of young patriots. Thanks to his intervention, the lives of most of the garrison were spared, forty-three prisoners being taken to Koussoules by the insurgents when their bombardment by the war-ships of the Powers obliged them to evacuate the blockhouse.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE FIGHT AT MALAXA: SOME OF THE TURKISH GARRISON ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE FROM THE BLOCKHOUSE.

While the Christians were advancing up the hill to the blockhouse after the opening fire of their artillery, a number of the Turkish soldiers of the garrison left the fortress, and succeeded in escaping towards Sada Bay. Others were intercepted and taken prisoners by the insurgent force as it closed upon the blockhouse.



THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS ENTERING CANEA.

The hundred men of the Seaforth Highlanders whose departure from Malta was illustrated in our last issue landed at Cana from the transport "Clyde" on March 24, under the command of Colonel Murray. Their arrival created a good deal of interest, and a large crowd watched them pass through the streets to the barracks, which they share with the French troops previously landed.

A REGIMENTAL TROPHY.

The Officers' Mess of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment has lately added a very imposing silver centrepiece to its already handsome collection of plate. The new trophy, the handiwork of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, is tazza-shaped, with two massive ornamental handles into which is introduced the "Slipper Rose," one of the badges of the regiment. Standing upon the cover is a finely modelled figure of Victory, and upon each side of the body of the cup is a panel bearing representations of the Battle of Saragossa and the fight at Echalar, where the regiment's attack on the enemy's position was described by the Duke of Wellington as "the most gallant and the finest thing he had ever witnessed." The body is supported by a richly ornamented stem, and upon the foot stands at each side a gracefully modelled antelope, the regimental crest. The ebonised base carries four statuettes representing the uniforms worn at the periods of 1688, 1810, 1837, and 1896, and at either end are statuettes of mounted officers in uniforms of the years 1688 and 1800. Arranged between the mouldings of the base are laurel leaves and ribbons in silver bearing the honours of this distinguished regiment.

SPOILS FROM BENIN.

The fierce fire which devastated a great portion of Benin City after its occupation by the expeditionary force destroyed much of the spoil which would otherwise have been brought back. The rescue of the wounded members of the force from the burning hospital occupied all the attention of their fellows, and the rapid spread of the flames prevented any return to spots where spoils had previously been stored. The destruction of the palace and all the houses in the King's compound by the fire entailed the loss of much magnificent ivory and many objects of antiquarian interest which would have formed curious relics of a civilisation which dates back far beyond the Portuguese colonisation of three centuries ago, and probably owes much to Egyptian influence. What are believed to be the only curiosities to survive the flames have been brought back by Mr. W. J. Hider, R.N., who happened to place his particular collection in a building with a brass roof, which sheltered them from the fire. These curios have now been acquired by Mr. Horniman for his Free Museum at Forest Hill, where they will doubtless be inspected with much interest by the public. The collection consists of the following articles: A Snider rifle taken from a dead chief, the butt of which is studded with upwards of one hundred brass-headed nails denoting the number of victims shot by the late owner with this particular weapon; two curious knives or daggers in brass

sheaths; and a couple of bronze handbells, rung to announce a human sacrifice. The hideous sacrificial rites of Benin are further represented by two ancient carved ivory idols, or official maces, probably carried by the high



TROPHY FOR THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.

executioner or before him by his attendants, since the figures carved upon them hold a sword in one hand and a bell in the other. Relics of a less savage side of the native life are to be seen in the form of an ancient armlet of ivory inlaid with gold, which was probably an ornament worn by one of the King's wives; and a child's bracelet in ivory, found in the royal palace; while a couple of fans and a looking-glass frame of finely carved wood complete the array of spoils. The mirror-frame is crowned by a canoe in which are two figures, one standing and the other sitting down, and this headpiece is carved on both sides.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The new Bishop of London has been saying that what has struck him most from the little he has seen of the East-End clergy is their extreme geniality and cheerfulness. His speech at the annual meeting of the East London Church Fund was marked by a brisk optimism. The Bishop of Stepney dwelt on the growth of Bands of Hope, and was convinced that work of that kind would be "tremendously blessed" in the future.

The Vicar of Harrow, the Rev. F. H. Joyce, has announced his impending resignation. He says that he is within measurable distance of his seventieth year, and that owing to age and illness he cannot expect to be able to carry on the work of the parish as it ought to be carried on. Mr. Joyce has been a devoted clergyman, and is much esteemed in the place. He is a High Churchman, but made changes very slowly, and a local journalist says that "when after some years he announced from the pulpit that he would no longer preach in a black gown, beyond a slight and almost imperceptible shiver on the part of a few members of the congregation, no one was astonished or estranged."

A curious reminiscence of the diocese of Carlisle is given by an aged priest. He says that in the year 1837 Bishop Blomfield was paying his father a visit in the Lake district, and told how, when he was last there, he asked a labourer to direct him to the house of the clergyman. The man, pointing to a neighbouring cottage, said: "Yonder he is, Sir, killing swine." And there, true enough, was the parish priest acting as butcher for his parishioners. The Bishop said, "What do I say? The clergyman had a large family, and to support them rented the lake, and his wife carried the fish he caught on panniers on her back to the neighbouring market, and there waited until she sold them."

The Rev. Dr. Berdmore Compton has been appointed to the somewhat barren honour of a prebendaryship in St. Paul's. Mr. Compton's work at All Saints, Margaret Street, perhaps deserved something more.

There is considerable opposition to the proposal to destroy the Birmingham churches. Among those who have protested against the Bill is Mr. Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant," who is now a devoted member of the Church of England.

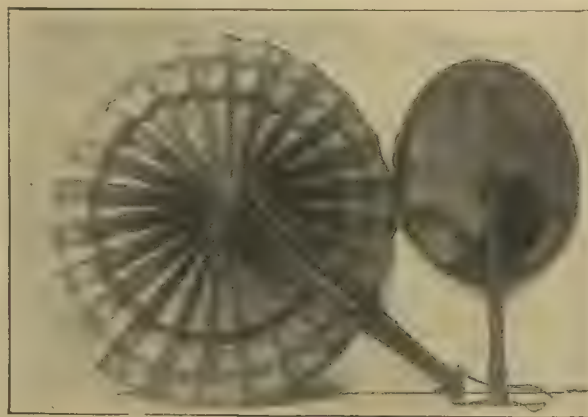
Although a very decided Evangelical, the late Lord Plunket is deplored by all parties. He was a thorough gentleman, and while holding to his own opinions, was eminently considerate and courteous in his advocacy of them. He had the goodwill not only of all parties within his own Church, but of those outside it, being on especially friendly terms with Presbyterians.



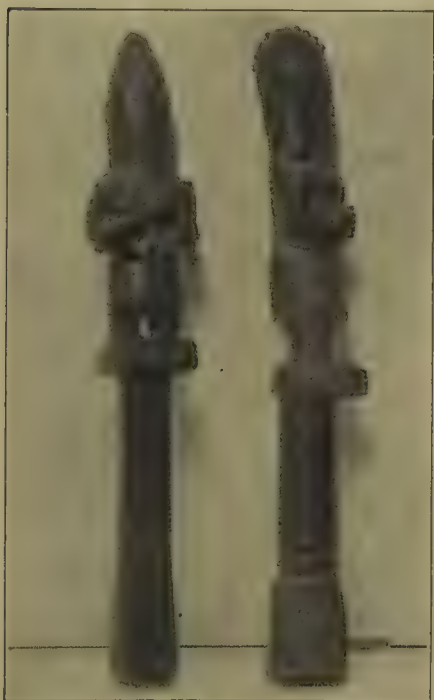
BRONZE BELLS RUNG TO ANNOUNCE A HUMAN SACRIFICE.



MIRROR-FRAME OF CARVED WOOD.



HIDE AND GOAT-SKIN FANS.



IVORY IDOLS CARRIED BY THE EXECUTIONER.



IVORY ARMLET AND BRACELET.

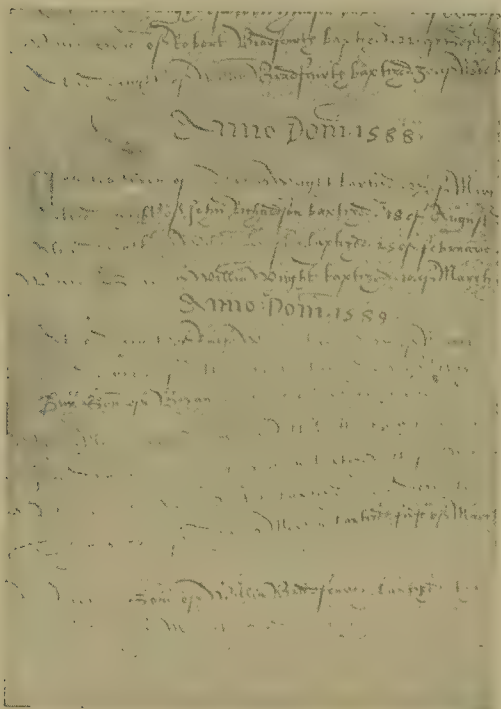


LAPWINGS.

By Archibald Thorburn.

THE LOG OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

A graceful act of international courtesy on the part of the Consistory Court of London has drawn attention to the remarkable history of a manuscript volume which is essentially one of the most precious heirlooms of the American nation, although it has long been stored in English keeping. The Pilgrim Fathers who left their native land on board the *Mayflower* in 1620 bequeathed to their children a detailed chronicle of all their doings in the



PAGE OF AUSTERFIELD PARISH REGISTER CONTAINING ENTRY OF WILLIAM BRADFORD'S BAPTISM.

From the Church Restoration Pamphlet.

form of a manuscript book, entitled "The Log of the *Mayflower*." This volume, destined to acquire a unique importance as an historical document, was compiled by William Bradford, one of the foremost members of that devoted band which set forth into the unknown for conscience' sake; and subsequently Governor of Plymouth Colony, and within its pages were recorded the names of all the pilgrims and the chief incidents of their voyage and ultimate landing at Cape Cod. But "The Log of the *Mayflower*" did not end with the voyage. Its narrative was continued

as a history of the formation of the first settlement at New Plymouth, and of the general colonisation work of the next twenty-eight years. The inclusion of an official register of baptisms, marriages, and funerals added a legal importance to the historical value of this authoritative account of the origin of New England. It was probably due to this circumstance that the volume was at some time or another sent to the library of Fulham Palace, for up to the time of the Declaration of Independence the American colonies, strangely enough, formed part of the diocese of London. Nothing is definitely known, however, of the transference of this valuable document from the new country to the old beyond the fact that it has long been stored at Fulham Palace with other archives of the diocese of London. But at last the historic "log" is to be restored to the Commonwealth of whose earliest beginnings it forms so precious a relic. At the application of the United States Ambassador, the Consistory Court of London has decided, with the approval of the Bishop, to hand over the volume to the President of the United States, zincographic copies being kept for the diocesan registry and the episcopal library at Fulham Palace.

This decision naturally recalls the tender solicitude with which everything associated with the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers is regarded by all true Americans. Anti-British politicians may do their utmost to prevent the tightening of the bonds of friendship which should unite the two great English-speaking peoples, but there will still remain a huge section of New World inhabitants actuated by feelings of keenest admiration and deepest sympathy for the old Mother-country. The State of Massachusetts is especially interested in the present act of courtesy. It was a vicar of Boston in Lincolnshire who practically founded the chief city of Massachusetts. Several of the earliest Governors of Massachusetts hailed from the Lincolnshire Boston. Governor Bellingham, whose character is sketched in "The Scarlet Letter," was Recorder of the old England town. William Brewster, chief of the Pilgrim Fathers, and William Bradford, who kept the Log of the *Mayflower*, both suffered imprisonment at Boston before they managed to find a way of escape for their Puritan brethren. And, seeing that the new Boston claims to be "the hub of the universe," optimists may detect great significance in the generous surrender of what, to Bostonians even more than to Great Britain, is a precious historical record and antiquarian treasure.

The little village of Scrooby, on the borders of Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire, where Brewster lived and taught lessons in freedom to Bradford and other brave souls, has been denominated "the cradle of Massachusetts." And if so, why not "the cradle of the American nation"?

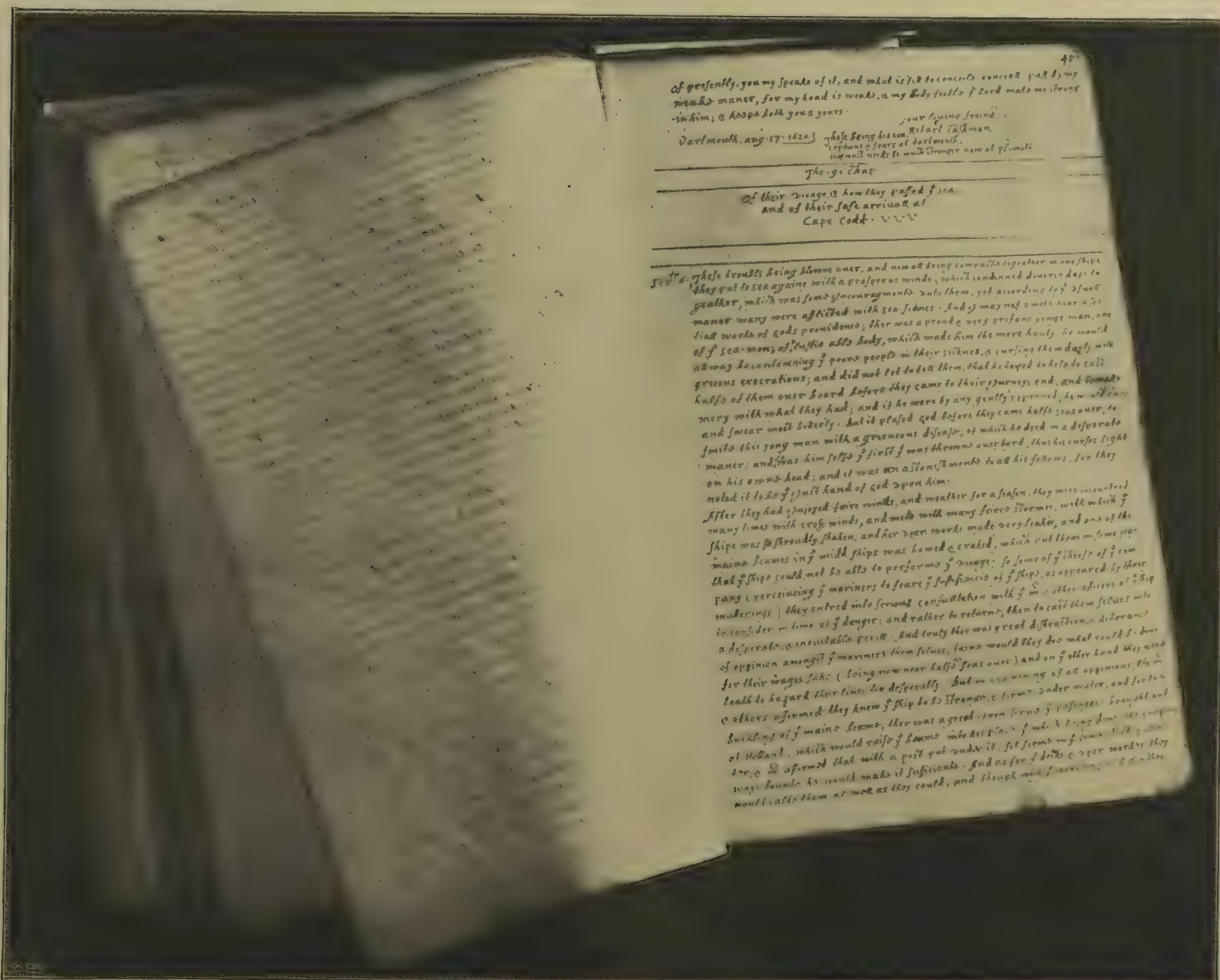
The traveller on the Great Northern Railway from London may catch a glimpse of the slim white spire of Scrooby Church on his left ere he reaches Doncaster. Visitors from Massachusetts know it well. There are two shrines that the enthusiastic American tourist never misses. One is Stratford-on-Avon; the other, Brewster's old Manor House at Scrooby, with the neighbouring village of



THE LOG OF THE "MAYFLOWER": COVER OF THE VOLUME.

Austerfield, where William Bradford first saw the light. There is, indeed, comparatively little left of the structure that was familiar to the secret worshippers of Brewster's

day. One of the few old oak beams remaining has already been secured by an enterprising descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers to adorn his dwelling across the seas, and, bit by bit, other memorials of the past are finding their way over the Atlantic to keep alive the feeling of kinship between New England and the Old. The Norman font at which William Bradford was baptised still occupies a place in Austerfield Church, and the parish register contains Bradford's baptismal entry, which is here reproduced. This quaint old edifice sadly needs restoration; and Americans, in particular, are being invited to contribute to the fund. So far, their response is not encouraging, nevertheless the churchwardens intend to retain the font. As the Earl of Crewe writes in his appeal on behalf of the memorial fund, Austerfield is linked with Scrooby, the home of Brewster, as a cradle of the Pilgrim Fathers; and so long as the sailing of the *Mayflower* remains one of the historic cameos upon which English and American eyes alike love to rest, the footsteps of travellers will turn towards these quiet little hamlets in reverence for the men who embarked on an even nobler quest than did the fleet of Columbus.



THE LOG OF THE "MAYFLOWER": A PAGE FROM THE BOOK.

The Photograph here reproduced, and that of the Cover of the Volume, were taken by Mr. T. W. Lascelles, at the offices of Mr. H. W. Lee, Secretary to the Bishop of London, The Sanctuary, Westminster.

ROYAL VISIT TO HASLAR HOSPITAL.

The Duke of York last week gave pleasant proof of his interest in naval affairs in general, and more particularly of his sympathy for the men who have been brought home wounded or stricken with fever from Benin, by journeying down to Portsmouth to visit the patients in the great naval hospital of Haslar. His Royal Highness, who wore the uniform of a Captain in the Navy, and thus visited the seamen as one of themselves, was received on his arrival by Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, the Mayor, and the town clerk, and crossed over to Haslar on the Admiral's pinnace; and at the landing-stage from which the hospital is approached, Sir James Dick, the Medical Director-General, and Inspector-General Turnbull, who has charge of the hospital, were in waiting for their royal visitor. The Duke of York went through a number of the many wards—there are no less than one hundred and twenty in all—and, in the case of the wounded members of the Benin Expedition, addressed a few words of kindly sympathy to each of the sufferers. The fever patients of the expedition were also visited and congratulated on their general improvement, and at the luncheon which was subsequently served in the medical officers' mess-room, the two nurses, Sister Keogh and Sister Smith, who accompanied the punitive force, were present at the express desire of the Duke, who complimented them on their plucky devotion to their noble calling. But the Benin Expedition was not the only topic of the day, for the royal visitor spent some time in chat with the hospital pensioners, to whom the Crimea and other campaigns of the past were naturally of more interest than their country's most recent "little war." One of these veterans gave the Duke much amusement by his long-drawn reminiscences of the Battle of Inkerman,



HASLAR HOSPITAL: INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS.



Dep.-Inspec.-Gen. Bulster. Inspec.-Gen. Turnbull. Duke of York. Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon. Sir James Dick. Dep.-Inspec.-Gen. Coppinger.

THE DUKE OF YORK AT HASLAR HOSPITAL.

and by his genial patronage of the royal visitor, whom he patted on the back, remarking that he would like to fight it all over again.

ART NOTES.

The Jubilee of the Society of British Artists was marked, with due regard to our national habits, by a dinner, at which the President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, delivered a commemorative address. He traced briefly the course, not always a smooth one, of the Society, founded in 1823 as a protest against the exclusiveness of the Royal Academy. The Academicians at once declared war against the British Artists, and the latter retaliated by inflicting a fine of £100 upon any of its members seceding to the Academy. Two of them did secede—David Roberts and Clarkson Stanfield—and paid their fines; but the folly of this policy was in time recognised; and the British Artists having, in 1847, been incorporated by Royal Charter, it was useless for the Royal Academy to affect further exclusiveness. In a Jubilee year we look for something distinctive, but the visitor to the present exhibition will find little that is not commonplace. There are some works which break the general dead level of mediocrity, and these are mostly by men whose work each year shows signs of steady, if not of rapid progress. Mr. Montague Smyth's Dutch and Sussex landscapes, Mr. Edwin Tindall's coast effects near Whitby, Mr. J. M. MacIntosh's studies in poetic pastorals, and Mr. Arthur Ryle's conscientious transcripts of Sutherlandshire scenery—of which "The Inland Fjord" (161) is the most interesting—are from artists of whose future career one can speak with more than usual confidence. There are others whose names have been longer associated with the exhibitions in these galleries, and whose dexterity in brush-handling may be greater; but they seem to have reached a point beyond which no progress is possible, and

to realise that for them at least the art world has no more distant horizon than that of their own Society.

It does not seem altogether decent to suggest that between such close neighbours as Messrs. Tooth and Mr. McLean the idea of rivalry can exist. This year there is so little in common between the two collections that no one need fear to pass from one to the other. Messrs. Tooth have managed to obtain the best specimens of Mr. Walter Hunt's "Bolting the Otter" and of Herr Schreyer's "Crossing the Frontier" which have yet been exhibited. The group of rushing, tumbling hounds in the former, and the fagged, half-starved horses cautiously stepping on the frozen river, are in their respective ways masterpieces of animal-painting. Mr. Holman Hunt's "Dolce Far Niente," painted as far back as 1866, will arouse very different feelings, and may help to explain the sudden collapse of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Mr. Wimpey is well represented by a fine scene on Dartmoor, and M. Dagnan-Bouveret by the solitary figure of a nun going to Vespers.

At Mr. McLean's Gallery the most interesting picture is Sir John Gilbert's "Crabbed Age and Youth," a bright scene full of life and warm colouring, painted with more than usual care, and at a time when the artist was not afraid to linger over his work. Herr Koppay's portrait of the Empress of Russia laden with pearls will be attractive to those who can recall the soft face of Princess Alice, her mother. Sir E. J. Poynter's rendering of "Il Dolce Far Niente" differs essentially from that of Mr. Holman Hunt, but it marks also the exaggeration of another school—that of the Neo-Classicians—which has not yet passed away, and finds supporters in Mr. Alma-Tadema and Mr. Godward, and many who may be placed between them. Herr Weiland and Herr Neuhays give us very different ideas of the lowly dwellings of the poor in Germany and Holland, and while the former seems to admire ugly but useful furniture, the latter, more realistic, suggests that bare walls are more truthful surroundings of the fisherman.



HASLAR HOSPITAL: VETERAN INMATES.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

No Voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth, ever dies.

THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

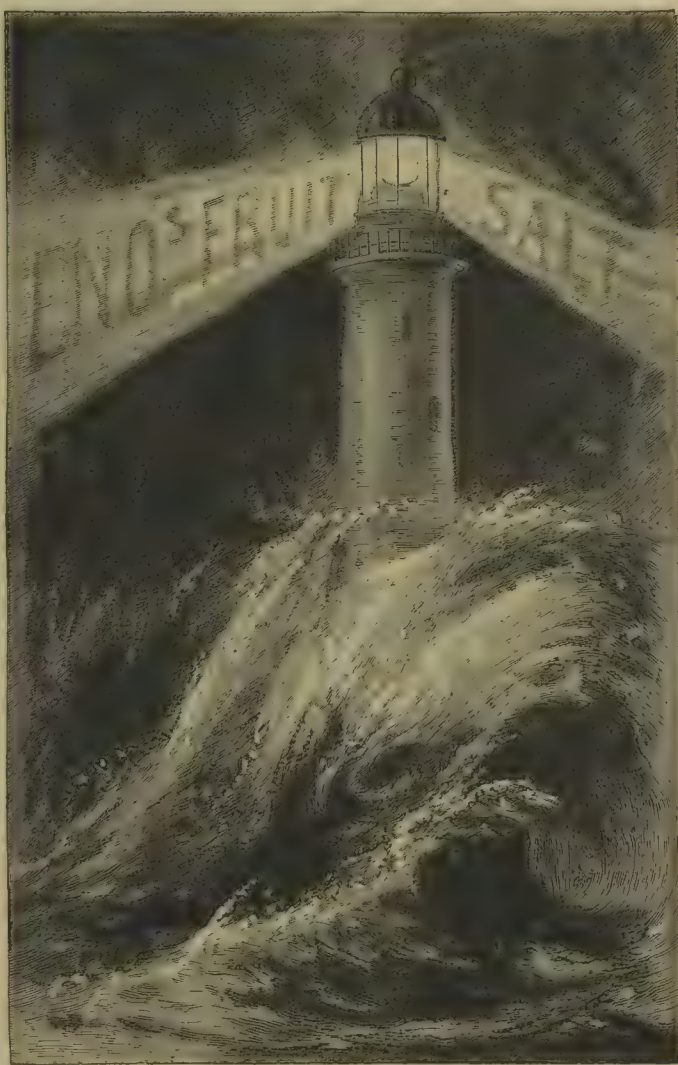
THE ENGLISH RACE.

OUR 'BEGINNINGS'—The Mixture of Races. From Celts, Saxons, Danes, Normans, Sea-Kings, &c., &c., &c.

THE 'GO'

WHICH THEY HAVE TRANSMITTED
TO US—

The National Vis—This it is which made Old Angle-land a Glorious Heritage! a Greatness Unparalleled in the History of Great Empires! "A Speck in the Northern Ocean, with rocky coast, an Ungenial Climate, and soil scarcely fruitful. This was the natural patrimony which descended to the English Race—an Inheritance that would have been little worth but for the Inestimable Moral Gift that accompanied it. Yes! From Celts, Saxons, Danes, Normans—from some or all of them—has come down, with the English Nationality, a Talisman that could command Sunshine, and Plenty, and Empire, and Fame. The 'GO' which they transmitted to us—the National Vis—this it is which made Old Angle-land a Glorious Heritage! Of this we have had a portion above our brethren—good measure running over. Through this Island-Mother has stretched out her arms till they have encircled the Earth. . . . Britain—without her Energy and Enterprise—what would she be in Europe?"—BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.



SOUTH AFRICA (TRANSVAAL).

IMPERIAL PATRIOTISM.

THE BRITISH FLAG!

"Let it be our task to keep alive the Torch of Imperial Patriotism, to keep all the affection and the confidence of our kinsmen across the seas, that so in every vicissitude of fortune the British Empire may present an unbroken front to all her Foes, and may carry on even to distant ages the glorious traditions of the British Flag. . . . It was my only ambition, when I took the office to which the Queen appointed me, that I might during its term be able to do something to render more close the bonds of union between the Colonies and ourselves, because I have Faith that upon this Alliance between the Nations of the British Race the future of this Country and Empire must entirely depend."—CHAMBERLAIN.

"Who that knows the thoughts and feelings of our Race to-day can doubt that this imagination is deeply impressed with the Greatness of our Empire, of its burdens, and of its glories. . . . It brings home to us many lessons, some of which we might be tempted to forget without it, amongst them the Great Lesson that the Reign of Justice in this World cannot be secured without the Resolute Will and Strong Arm."—TIMES.

A COMMON-SENSE MORAL—Why should South Africa (the Transvaal) not have a Mixture of Races? It is the Only True Foundation of Her Future Greatness. Why all this Toil and Strife? There is Room Enough for All!

WAR!!

OH, MEN! WHAT ARE YE, AND OUR BEST DESIGNS,
THAT WE MUST WORK BY CRIME TO PUNISH CRIME,
AND SLAY AS IF DEATH HAD BUT THIS ONE GATE?—BYRON.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—HONESTY OF PURPOSE—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.

What Higher Aim can Man Attain than Conquest over Human Pain?

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

"I tell you what is ten times, and TEN THOUSAND TIMES, more terrible than War—Outraged Nature. She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Man has his courtesies of War; he spares the woman and the child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventable suffering, the mass of preventable agony of mind and body, which exists in England year after year."—KINGSLEY.

HOW MUCH LONGER MUST THE CAUSES OF THIS STARTLING ARRAY OF PREVENTABLE DEATHS CONTINUE UNCHECKED?
FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' when taken with water, acts as a natural aperient; its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'—In HOT or FOREIGN CLIMATES it is invaluable; it relieves the system of effete or poisonous matter, the groundwork of fevers and other diseases, which, if retained, poisons the blood, and produces the most disastrous consequences. It allays nervous excitement, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition by natural means.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drinks, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Bile Poison, Gout Poison, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c.—Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It is pleasant, soothing, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

DUTY!—Read pamphlet on "Duty," given with each bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' showing how to stamp out disease and premature death by natural means. There is no doubt that where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in innumerable instances prevented a SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on any disordered or feverish condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION—Examine each Bottle, and see the capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by a Worthless Imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

First let me supply the wants of others, and suggest to my correspondent "A Fidget" that she should keep her poplin sleeves as she desires, and have a bodice made of embroidered grass lawn with a lace yoke. Poplin should not appear on the yoke. She might have a touch of colour at the belt and the neckband. A good shop for straw bonnets and flowers is Peter Robinson's, of Oxford Street. I don't think rep is as cool as alpaca, and should advise the latter for summer wear, made in coat and skirt style worn with shirts. A Norfolk coat with a belt would probably suit "A Fidget" very well, and could easily be worn with a sailor hat of the plainest description. I am really sorry I cannot guarantee the exact moment that my answers appear in print. Then to supply the needs of "Mrs. G. D.," or, at least, to tell her it is impossible to do so, as I do not provide paper patterns of my designs, and to make the same observation to "Miss R.," while I mention to them both that there are many establishments devoted to paper patterns, such as Butterick's, Marie Schild's, Weldon's, and half-a-dozen others, to whom application should be made for such luxuries. And then to give the details of that charming evening dress sketched on this page, made of the finest of silk muslin. It is mounted over silk and trimmed with three flounces of kilted muslin edged with lace, soft folds of the muslin hang in pleats over the shoulders, frills of lace surmounting the rucked muslin sleeves, while the bodice is trimmed with insertions of the lace, the centre of the décolletage being adorned with a bunch of pink roses, and round the waist is a sash of pale-blue crêpe de chine.

The pale blue crêpe-de-chine sash is at the moment very much in demand for muslin dresses, and for young girls or very slim figures it is particularly desirable. I have seen an Empire dress of white net fringed with pink roses, with a broad sash of pale-blue crêpe de chine tied under the bust, with excellent effect. The pink roses should be an invariable accompaniment to the pale-blue crêpe-de-chine sash. Sashes, on the whole, are bound to have a great measure of attention bestowed upon them this year if we fulfil our proposed programme of devotion at the shrine of St. Mousseline. Chiné ribbon with a white ground with pink rosebuds and blue forget-me-nots upon its surface makes a delightful sash, either under its simplest aspect or with tiny little frills of white chiffon bordering the ends, which should be kept in round shape. Sashes also may be made with great success and small expenditure of chiffon—a whole width of chiffon with the ends tucked would make a good sash, and not an extravagant one.

The flounced skirt becomes each day a more apparent fact, but, as I have previously observed, the flounces are



A PRETTY WALKING DRESS.

usually put on low in front, and graduated somewhat higher at the back, thereby giving a length of figure to those of stunted stature—if such there still be in this world of tall women. Skirts which do not bear flounces are invariably trimmed in some way or the other. A pretty and effective style of decoration appears on that walking dress sketched. This is in satin ribbon, machine-stitched, just below the hips round the back, while it separates in double rows in the front, each side of the seams. The bodice, of the bolero description, may be allowed to express its own details without any help, save a line to say that the front is of kilted white crêpe de chine, and the belt round the waist of black satin. Made in dark blue serge, this would be a most useful dress, or the same

style might be suited for a more fanciful costume in light fawn colour with white satin trimmings, fawn colour and white being much used nowadays, or, at least, much bought. Unhappily, the weather precludes the possibility of any such light colours, and many and many is the spring costume wasting its sweetness on the desert air of the wardrobe, yearning for some spring to justify its appearance in public.

I believe I promised some weeks ago to dilate on the charms of muslin collars and cuffs. These appear under a thousand and one aspects, and perhaps the most successful is the collar cut into tabs, hemmed and machine stitched; beneath this can be worn the ribbon stock, which we continue to adore with much fidelity, or the ordinary collar-band will serve its purpose; or, again, the plaid scarf tied in the front into a short bow with aggressive ends. Most of the new stocks are made of plaid silk, and these are, according to the latest edict of fashion, tied into a short sailor-knot after they have passed through the buttonhole at the back and crossed. It is extraordinary what an effect a little detail of this kind will exercise upon a costume. A very ordinary alpaca dress, with a bodice which pouched at the back and front and was trimmed with horizontal lines of black velvet ribbon, I met only yesterday looking quite attractive under the influence of a white linen collar and plaid necktie tied into a sailor-knot, and a toque of black straw decked with weird-looking wings in green and blue and violet and a scarf of black chiffon. Many of the models in coats and dresses show a Medici collar, this being, of course, encouraged by the popularity of the coiffure on the top of the head. Other very attractive collars suited to our modish needs are battlemented and frilled inside with lace and lisso.

But the loudest cry of fashion is undoubtedly for braiding. There is scarcely a walking costume worthy of being admired which boasts not braid in some form or the other—narrow or wide, straight or curled, in continuous rows, or in broken lines; while the boleros and Eton coats, and even the jackets which reach to the hips, are entirely covered with traceries of braid. The combination of ribbon velvet with braid, which I think I have alluded to before, is new and effective, and the only trimming which tries to seriously rival braid for ordinary every-day wear is the inch-wide silken fringe in which our grandmothers were wont to delight. This on a black glacé dress looks quaintly old-fashioned, while it is really the latest novelty, and grey cashmere dresses are to be admired when trimmed with fringe to match. Fringes may, however, not be written down amongst the revival of the fittest, for they are not really decorative, they gather the dust of ages with singular avidity, and they cannot be credited with the charm of cheapness.—PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

It will be remembered that when the County Councils first came into existence it was supposed that women had the right to be elected as well as to vote for members, and that accordingly the electors of London chose three lady members. One of the men whom these ladies had defeated at the polls, however, petitioned the courts of law to declare that the electors were not entitled to prefer the services of women representatives, and so it was declared accordingly. The regret caused by this exclusion was general, for the three lady members actually sitting for nearly a couple of years had won the public gratitude by their discharge of specially womanly duties on the Council, such as supervising the carrying out of the Infants' Life Protection Act, arranging for the female patients at the great County Lunatic Asylum, and watching over reformatory schools. So impressed were the other members of the Council with the value of the services in these and similar matters of Lady Sandhurst, Mrs. Cobden Unwin, and Miss Cons, that a formal petition to Parliament from the Council has been passed and sent up on various occasions; and that an Act to enable women to sit has not been passed shows how difficult it is to get any changes not demanded by large bodies of electors through Parliament. Mr. Bousfield has introduced the enabling Bill this session, but it has little chance of getting a hearing, having fallen into a bad place in the ballot. However, Mr. Boulnois, not content with that, and desiring to do himself the justice of recording his private opinion on the matter, has given notice to move the Bill's rejection if it should come on.

It is satisfactory that eleven lady guardians have been accepted in Irish parishes. Only a short time ago the election to the boards of guardians in Ireland was a mere party political matter, and as a result the condition of Irish workhouses is notoriously below the level of the rest of the United Kingdom. The election of ladies goes to show that these boards are now to be allowed to fulfil their proper functions of caring for the inevitable paupers and guarding the ratepayers from imposition, and that they have ceased to be the battle-field of political party.

Quite a revolution for Indian women, one that will make them very miserable at the moment, no doubt, but

that may possibly eventually be of immense benefit to them, is the decision of the Government to insist on the forcible removal of all the plague-stricken who cannot be effectively isolated at home to the public wards of one of the various hospitals. This is arranged for by a new law, called "The Epidemic Diseases Act," that was hurriedly passed last month, and is already being enforced. Some of the native members of the Legislative Council raised protests against so startling an innovation, one opposed to both Hindoo and Mohammedan religious and social prejudices alike. But the Lieutenant-



A SILK MUSLIN EVENING DRESS.

Governor of Bengal tersely replied that, "We cannot allow a whole town to run the risk of plague infection merely because the source of that infection happens to be a woman." It is, of course, promised that they shall be attended to by lady doctors, and that, as far as possible, female nurses of the creed of the sufferers will be employed. But the fact remains unaltered that, for the first time, a European Government is going forcibly to invade the zenana, to take the high-caste woman away from her family, in order, it is true, to nurse her and help her in suffering, but also to carry her out of those limitations so foolish, so undesirable in essence, and yet so cherished by the penned-in women themselves as an essential element of their religious feeling and their modesty.

If this can be done in the plague-time, will it break down for ever the seclusion customs of the high-caste women, or will it only induce hatred for the Government in the native mind, and will the old state of affairs come about again as before, once the action of the law is over? This cannot be foretold, but it is quite certain that the women so treated now, poor things, will be extremely miserable about it. So powerful are the prejudices fostered by education and by the particular Mrs. Grundy (especially when dressed in priestly garb) of each nation, that it is beyond a doubt that the unhappy women of India themselves are the first to object to any attempt to better their lot. It is universal testimony that the male reformers who plead for better education for the Indian women, for proper care for them in sickness, for the abolition of child-marriage, for the permission of re-marriage to widows, or else for their employment as ordinary human beings, and for the abrogation of the cruel customs of head-shaving, weekly fastings, and exclusion from society that now obtain for widows, meet more opposition to these reforms from the women of their own families than they do from any men. It must be, truly, very hard for men, however generous, to strive for the greater freedom and happiness of women who themselves throw cold water on the zeal and belittle the efforts of their champions.

We give an illustration of a new registered design for a watch-bracelet for ladies who enjoy cycling or yachting, which J. W. Benson, of 25, Old Bond Street, W., is introducing for the special use of such ladies. As the illustration shows, there are a watch and day and night compass side



by side, mounted on a curb-chain bracelet. The "Jumelle" bracelet is likely to prove a great favourite with lady cyclists during the coming season. It is also made in combinations of watch and aneroid barometer, and watch and compass and calendar, as well as the combination shown in the illustration. F. F.-M.

CARR'S "STAMPED" QUALITY LADDER TAPES

FOR
VENETIAN
BLINDS

FOR
VENETIAN
BLINDS



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2765 received from F A Carter (Maldon), Fred J Gross, E P Vulliamy, F Hooper (Putney), Bryn Meilyn (Penmaenmawr), J F Moon, Frank Proctor, Bluet, A Briggs (Kilburn), H Le Jeune, Fred Elliot (Crouch End), F F N (Liverpool), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Joyce F, G T Hughes (Portlanna), and R Hammond.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

(Scotch Gambit.)

8.	Kt to B 3rd
9. Q to K 3rd	Castles
10. P to K 5th	B to K B 4th
11. Castles	Kt to K Kt 5th.

CRANE and I
(H. J. Crane)

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1896) of Sir Thomas Spencer Wells, Bart., of Golder's Hill, North End, Hampstead, who died on Jan. 31, was proved on March 30 by Miss Theodosia Mary Wells, the daughter, Sir Arthur Spencer Wells, the son, and John Castleman Swinburne Hanham, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £52,779. The testator bequeaths his portrait by Lehmann in the robes of President of the College to the Royal College of Surgeons of England, free from legacy duty; his plate having presentation inscriptions to his said son; and he empowers his trustees to divide the whole or any part of his jewellery, furniture, the remainder of his plate, wines, consumable stores, articles of personal, domestic, and household use or ornament, horses, carriages, etc., among his children in equal shares; any of these things not so divided are to be sold, and the proceeds to go with his residuary estate. The residue of his real and personal property he leaves to, or upon trust for, all his children; the share of his son Arthur Spencer to be three times as much as the share of any other child, and the £5000 he covenanted to pay to the

(The GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE LTD. [A. D. SAVORY & SONS], late of Cornhill, E.C., is transferred to this Company.)

FOR ACHES AND PAINS.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

HORSES
ROYAL

HUMAN USE
UNIVERSAL

1/- 2/-
2/6 3/6
Per Bottle.

1/12



BRUISES.
STIFFNESS.
SPRAINS.

Cyclist: "Nothing like Elliman's."
Horseman: "That's so!"

HORSES. CATTLE.
DOGS. BIRDS.

FOR ACHES & PAINS

FOR ACHES AND PAINS.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION ELIMINATES PAIN.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION ELIMINATES PAIN.

ELLIMAN'S

ELLIMAN'S	8½d.
ELLIMAN'S	8½d.
ELLIMAN'S	8½d.
ELLIMAN'S	A NEW SIZE.
ELLIMAN'S	8½d.
ELLIMAN'S	8½d.
ELLIMAN'S	8½d.

FOR ACHES AND PAINS.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION ELIMINATES PAIN.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION ELIMINATES PAIN.

ELLIMAN'S

ELLIMAN'S "NOT a PENNY the WORSE."
ELLIMAN'S "NOT a PENNY the WORSE."
ELLIMAN'S "NOT a PENNY the WORSE."
ELLIMAN'S "NOT a PENNY the WORSE."
ELLIMAN'S "NOT a PENNY the WORSE."
ELLIMAN'S "NOT a PENNY the WORSE."
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trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Hanham, are to be set off against her share.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1894) of Mr. Richard Rous Ellicombe, of Myddelton House, Roehampton, and formerly of Parliament Street, Westminster, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on March 27 by the Rev. Henry Nicholson Ellicombe and Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander George Anson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £46,902. The testator bequeaths eleven new shares of the New River Company and £500 each to the children of his sisters, Frances Cooke Peard, Lucy Lewis, and Laura Blackall; eleven of such New River Shares and £500 each to Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander George Anson and his wife, Phelan Anson; £500 to Ernest Anson; £500 to the Rev. Henry Nicholson Ellicombe; £500 and the income of all his debenture stock of the New River Company to Harriet Isabella Manley for life, and at her decease the said debenture stock to Ernest Anson; £100 each to the children of his brother George, and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three sisters, Frances Cooke Peard, Lucy Lewis, and Jaquetta Ellicombe, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1892) of Mr. Walter Farquhar Larkins, J.P., of 4, Priory Leas, Folkestone, and 104, Harley Street, formerly of Holm View, Lowestoft, who died on Jan. 29, was proved on March 26 by Mrs. Martha Anne Larkins, the widow, Edward Merewether Bovill, the son-

in-law, and James Alfred Rhodes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £30,342. He bequeaths £100 each to his executors; his household furniture and effects to his wife; £650 to the daughters of his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Larkins; and £650 to his niece Anne Hughes. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death, upon further trusts, for his daughter, Mrs. Mary Ellen Thomson Bovill, her husband and children.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1896) of Mr. George Raggett, of 19, Essex Villas, Kensington, and Warfield Priory, Bracknell, Berks, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on March 30 by Mrs. Charlotte Raggett, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,134. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1886), with a codicil (dated Feb. 6, 1896), of Dr. James Ellison, of High Street, Windsor, for forty-five years Surgeon to her Majesty's Household at Windsor, who died on Jan. 31 last, was proved on March 24 by William Augustine Ellison and Osborne James Ellison, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,897. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate and appoints the funds of his marriage settlement to his four unmarried daughters, Mary Henrietta Ellison, Edith Maria Ellison, Helen Russell Ellison, and Margaret Isabella Ellison, in equal shares, his other children having been already provided for.

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Many months ago, when I enjoyed reading those capital tales about dogs of Mr. St. Loe Strachey in the *Spectator*, I promised myself to cap them by what I considered some equally good ones, for the benefit of the readers of this column. I had no fear of their growing stale by being kept, for to the lover of animals the dog, "as a reasoning being," is ever welcome, and I am thoroughly glad to think that the non-lover of animals is in a very small minority. Nevertheless, in view of the many subjects that claim urgent treatment at the hands of the active journalist week by week, the intention had been lost sight of to a certain extent, when, a few nights since, it was forcibly impressed upon my mind once more by the astounding statement uttered within my hearing that the revival of the muzzling order in a more cruel shape than heretofore—i.e., by reason of the wire muzzle instead of the leather one—"would make no difference whatever to the feelings of the dog itself."

I knew the speaker, though not intimately; sufficiently intimately, however, to be aware that he would go a mile or so out of his way to get the exact colour and shape of a certain necktie, that he is a burden to his tailor, and, above all, a terror to his bootmaker, in virtue of his being

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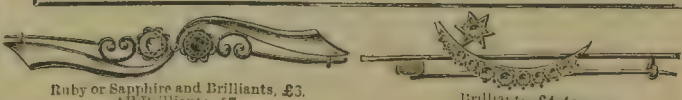
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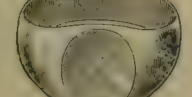
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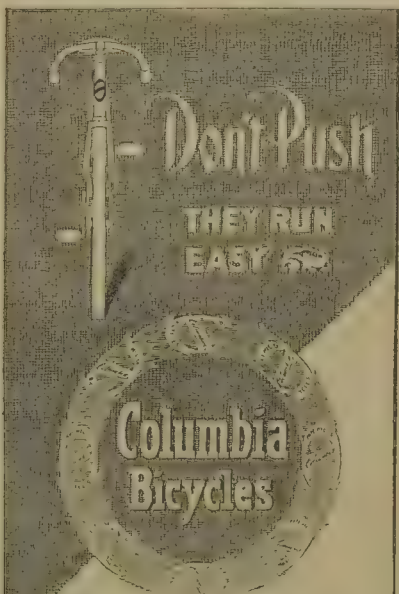
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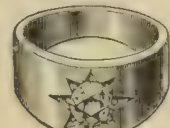
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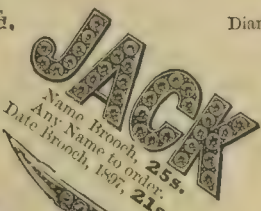


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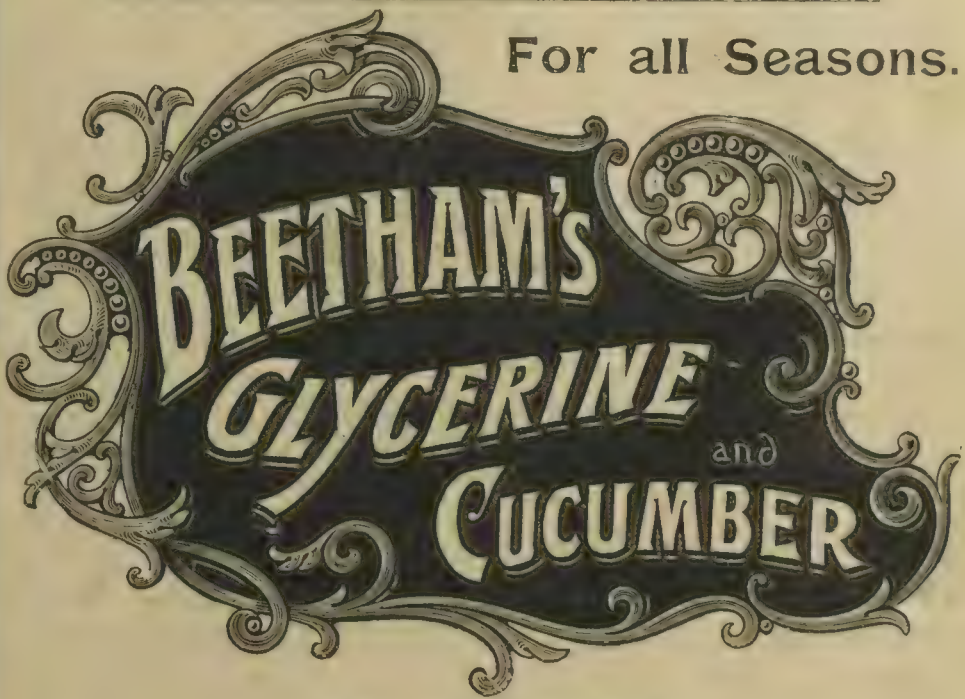
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cursed with tender feet. I have seen this same man miss the enjoyment of a really good play, I have seen him send away tempting dish after dish at a dinner-party, because his collar happened to be the eighth part of an inch higher than usual. And this was the man who expressed his confidence that the wire cage—for it is nothing less—which has been prescribed by the Board of Agriculture for our canine friends would make no difference to their feelings, "seeing," as he added afterwards, "that they have none."

At that rate, all the pictures of Landseer, Briton-Rivière, Frère, and Jadin dealing with dog life would be so many exaggerations, not to say downright inventions. Of course, I did not take the trouble to present the matter in that light to this would-be zoologist. I held my tongue, being not over fond of running my head against a stone wall, even if that wall happens to be hidden by an immaculate shirt-front and heart-shaped waistcoat. If I had put the question, he would probably have answered that Jadin was a liar on canvas, Barye an equal liar in marble and bronze, and Sedaine, the author of "Le Philosophe sans le Savoir," a mere mawkish sentimentalist; provided he had ever heard these names, for your non-lover of animals is apt to justify his indifference to the masterpieces of the great painters of animals by the retort of the Greek when asked by Socrates (was it Socrates?) if he had seen his portrait: "Who would care to look at your counterfeit, seeing that no one cares

to look at you?" Sedaine, whether as a dramatist or as the panegyrist of the dumb creation, is probably unknown to the amateur zoologist; and so is Jesse and Heine, the great biographer of Atta Troll.

He, the would-be zoologist, professes to be a practical man, and I was involuntarily thinking of the most practical man of his age—namely, Frederick the Great. "Frederick is making his exit on the common terms," writes Carlyle; "you may hear the curtain rustling down. For most part he was unconscious, never more than half-unconscious. As the wall-clock above his head struck eleven he asked, 'What o'clock?' 'Eleven,' answered they. 'At four,' murmured he, 'I will rise.' One of his dogs sat on its stool near him; about midnight he noticed it shivering for cold. 'Throw a quilt over it,' said or beckoned he; that, I think, was his last completely conscious utterance."

But although I would not have quoted either Carlyle or Sedaine to the practical man, I am glad to be able to quote both to my readers. Some of them may be sufficiently powerful to have this order of the Board of Agriculture—with regard to the wire muzzles only—rescinded. When Pajou had finished his bust of Buffon, Sedaine sent him the following epistle: "From the Animals of the terrestrial globe. Man Pajou,—We are much obliged to thee. We did not know how to thank the man Buffon for having painted us, and thou, with thy instinct,

thy chisel, and a block of stone, hast reproduced our sentiments and his figure and face. Thou hast conveyed an idea of his intelligence as perfectly as he hath conveyed an idea of ours with his powers of reflection and a quill borrowed from one of our comrades. Dost thou know that it taketh more than a mere fool to express the gratitude of the animals at large?" Then came the clinching compliment: "Both of you ought to have belonged to us; thou wouldst have been a lion and he an eagle."

I wonder whether my amateur zoologist has ever seen the portraits of Landseer and of Jadin, whom Arsène Houssaye called "The Michael Angelo of the dog!" I have, and if I were a believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis, I should be inclined to think that in a previous life both belonged to our most cherished four-footed friends. I need not say that I have no wish to be irreverent, but I am not certain that Toussenel was wrong when he said that "God created the dog to atone in some way for having created man." We have ceased to be cruel to human beings afflicted with frenzy. We no longer make excursions to Bedlam as our forefathers did not later than a century ago. By all means let us endeavour to prevent the most terrible of all deaths, both in dogs and human beings, but let us apply humane preventives, and the wire muzzle is more cruel than anything I know of. I perceive, but too late, that I have not told a single story of my own. They (the stories) must wait again.

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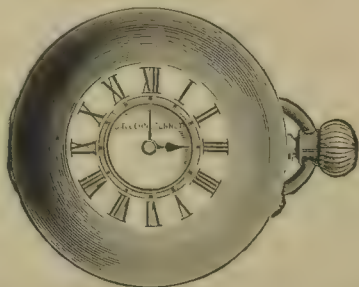
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From LONDON (St. Pancras and City and Suburban Stations).

IRELAND. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, April 13, 14, and 15, to various parts of Ireland (about 16 days) as announced in Special Bills.

GENERAL EXCURSION. Thursday, April 15, to Principal Towns and Holiday Resorts in the Midland Counties—LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, the LAKE DISTRICT, and the NORTH-EAST COAST (for 6 or 6 days). To DOUGLAS (ISLE OF MAN) for 10 days; also to ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND (for 4, 8, or 16 days).

LOCAL EXCURSIONS. Easter Monday, April 19, to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON (Day Trips), leaving St. Pancras at 10.10 a.m.

SOUTHERN-ON-SEA. Cheap Day Tickets will be issued as per Special Bills.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 15, 16, and 17 from London (St. Pancras) to the PRINCIPAL HOLIDAY and PLEASURE RESORTS in the Peak District of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and the North-East Coast, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 20, except day of issue.

EXCURSION HANDBILLS, PROGRAMMES OF WEEK-END EXCURSIONS, and other EASTER NOTICES may be had on application to Mr. Elliott, Midland Railway, St. Pancras Station, at any of the Company's Receiving Offices, or Thomas Cook and Son's Agencies.

Derby, April, 1897.

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	Train.	Return Fares 3rd Class.	Train.	Return Fares 3rd Class.
TUN. WELLS ..	4.10.	8. 4.	4.10.	8. 4.
HASTINGS	8.28.	3 0	8.30.	4 0
ASHFORD	7.50.	3 0	7.17.	3 6
CANTERBURY	7.38.	4 0	7.40.	5 0
DEAL	7.38.	4 0	7.40.	5 0
WALMER	7.38.	4 0	7.40.	5 0
RAMSGATE	7.38.	4 0	7.40.	5 0
MARGATE	7.38.	4 0	7.40.	5 0
HYTHE	7.50.	3 6	7.17.	4 0
SANDGATE	7.50.	3 6	7.17.	4 0
FOLKESTONE	7.50.	4 0	7.17.	5 0
DOVER	7.50.	4 0	7.17.	5 0
ALDERSHOT ..	Any train.	1 6	Any train.	1 6
GRAVESEND ..	8.10.	2 6	8.45.	2 6
ROCHESTER ..	8.10.	2 6	8.45.	2 6
CHATHAM				

* Waterloo 9.19, and Cannon Street 9.25 a.m., changing at London Bridge. The 7 and 8 a.m. Trains do not call at New Cross.

† Also on Easter Sunday.

SPECIAL TRAINS FOR HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHERVILLE GARDENS), &c.

The Continental Services will run as usual.

SPECIAL NOTE.—The CHEAP FRIDAY or SATURDAY to MONDAY TICKETS to CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, issued on Thursday, April 15, and the CHEAP SUNDAY to MONDAY TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, RAMSGATE, and MARGATE, issued on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, will be available to return on Wednesday, April 21.

CHEAP CONTINENTAL EXCURSIONS.

BOULOGNE.—Charing Cross dep. 10 a.m., Saturday, April 17, 21s. (First Class), 12s. 6d. (Third Class). Returning at 2.18 p.m. on Easter Monday.

PARIS.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m. (10 a.m. from Charing Cross only) and 9 p.m. on Thursday, April 15. Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 p.m., April 14 to 19, 58s. 4d. (First Class), 37s. 6d. (Second Class), 30s. (Third Class) and by 9 p.m. Train only. Tickets available for 14 days.

CALAIS.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 15s. (First Class), 10s. (Third Class), Easter Monday. Returning same day at 1.10 p.m. and 3.45 p.m., or 1.35 a.m. on following day.

Cheap Return Tickets, available by certain trains, will also be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street on April 15, 16, and 18.

BRUSSELS, via Calais.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 47s. 6d. (First Class), 33s. 5d. (Second Class), 22s. 2d. (Third Class), and by 9 p.m. Train only, April 14 to 19. Tickets available for 8 days.

BRUSSELS, via Ostend.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 53s. 5d., and 9 p.m., 37s. 5d. (First Class), 28s. 8d. (Second Class), 19s. 11d. (Third Class), and by 9 p.m. Train only, April 14 to 19. Tickets available for 8 days.

OSTEND.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 53s. 5d. and 9 p.m., 28s. 8d. (First Class), 19s. 11d. (Second Class), April 14 to 19. Tickets available for 8 days.

Full Particulars of the above Excursions can be obtained from Messrs. THOMAS COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus, 33, Piccadilly, &c., and for Return Times of Excursions, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see the Company's Holiday Programme and Bills.

ALFRED WILLIS, Manager (Passenger Department).

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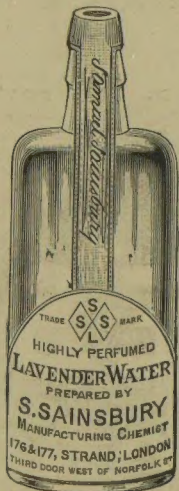
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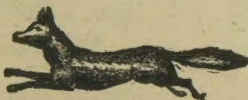
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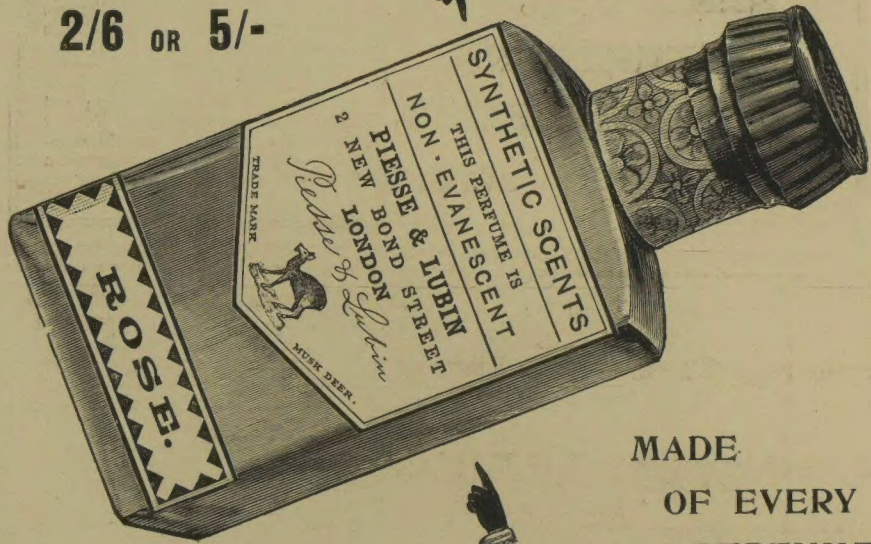
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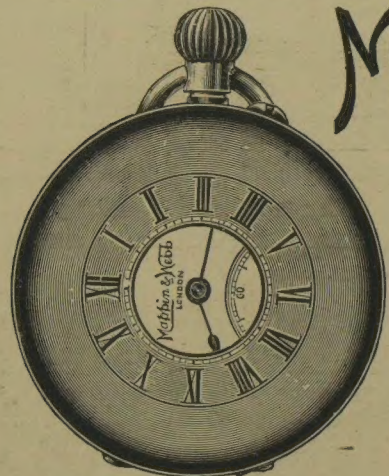
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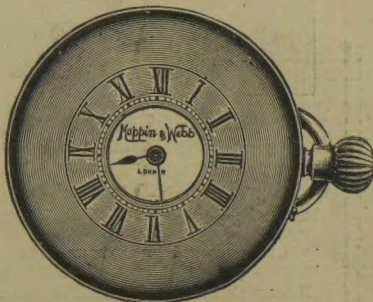
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE YASHMAK," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

The notorious "Armenian opera," which has been industriously paragraphed for months, to say nothing of the *cachet* which a recent case in the Law Courts gave it, was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre on March 31 under the title of "The Yashmak." The book comes from the hands of Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Seymour Hicks (to say nothing of unnamed American song-writers), and the music has been written and arranged by M. Napoléon Lambelet, who is understood to be a Greek. Judged by the wearisome length of the opening night, the piece might justly be called an Armenian atrocity; or, perchance, a

subtle form of revenge of the Greek for the part England has taken with the Powers against his people. Seriously, it is really a music-hall entertainment, produced under the ægis of the theatre. The plot turns upon the visit of the Gaiety company to the East, and the incarceration in the Sultan's harem of the leading lady (Miss Kitty Loftus), her maid (Miss Mabel Love), and a young Circassian (Miss Aileen d'Orme), a newcomer of conspicuously good taste. They are rescued by their lovers, respectively the graceful Mr. Lionel Mackinder, the low-comedy Mr. John Le Hay (a hotel head-waiter who masquerades as a doctor), and Mr. Charles Ryley, the tenor. There is nothing Napoleonic about the music, and most of the jingles are poor specimens of scansion, of wit, and sometimes of good taste, although

the song, "Be Good," sung by the Gaiety girls, will catch on. Indeed, the piece must be made by the players, who belong to that strange class of entertainers called "clever people," and know how to pull a piece together and rewrite the author off the stage.

Those who meditate a visit to Windsor Castle in the near future will be interested to learn that the Round Tower, the State prison of bygone days and now the residence of the Castle's Governor, was reopened last Monday after having been closed during the winter months, and will remain accessible to the public from eleven to four on the days on which the State apartments are to be viewed.

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Earl Spencer, K.G.
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By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

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COCKLE'S PILLS,

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